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# COLLIER'S

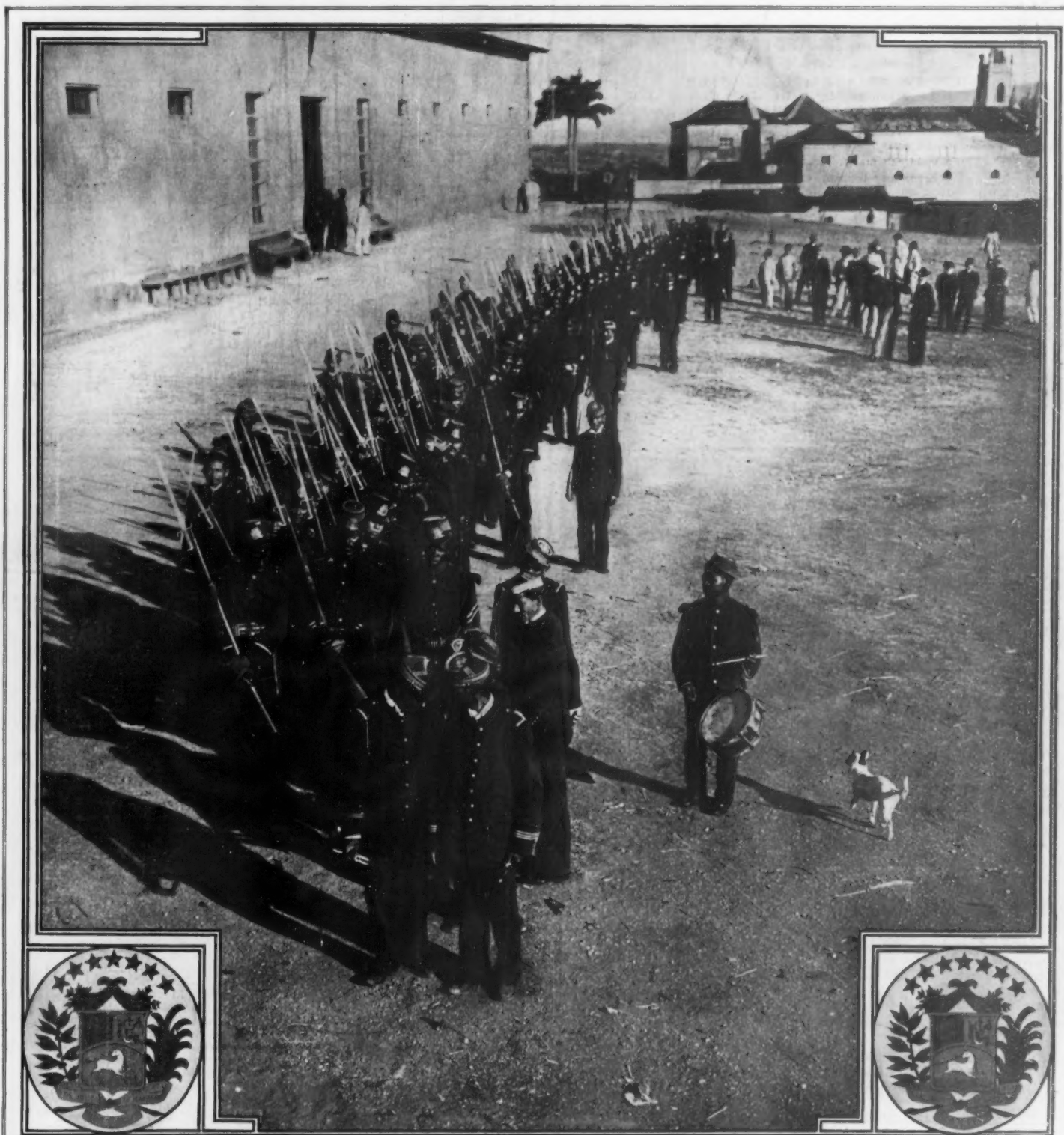
## WEEKLY JOURNAL of CURRENT EVENTS

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NEW YORK MARCH 2 1901

PRICE TEN CENTS



PICTURE BY JAMES H. HARE, OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

### VENEZUELA PREPARING FOR TROUBLE

TROOPS OF GENERAL CASTRO, BROUGHT FROM THE INTERIOR, ON PARADE AT THE BARRACK IN CARACAS, THE VENEZUELAN SEAT OF GOVERNMENT, WHILE AWAITING ORDERS. IN THE BACKGROUND IS THE PANTHEON, WHERE BOLIVAR'S REMAINS ARE SUPPOSED TO LIE, ALSO THOSE OF LUCRE, MIRANDA, AND OTHER FAMOUS GENERALS. (See page 9—"What is Going On in Venezuela")

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This cigar is made for dealers to get a lead with among Havana smokers. It is a very choice tropical stock. This identical same filler is to-day being used in high priced goods and called Havana. It is, in fact, just as good as Havana and in some respects better. In "Imports" we are putting it out for just what it is. They are not intended for 5-cent cigar smokers, and many dealers have told us we have been foolish not to have made the retail price to cents, for their success is almost entirely among devotees of rich tasting stock. Smokers of Havana goods, accustomed to pay 10 cents or 2 for 25 cents to get character in flavor, are adopting it wherever on sale, and will walk blocks to get it. Dealers who keep them draw from the 10-cent trade of other stores. Mr. Dealer, if the cigar drummer does not show you these goods, ask him about them. They have all the richness of choicest Havana. Though not quite the same in flavor, they are very similar and are more pleasing to many, because less strong and sickening and because any number can be smoked with much relish. Mr. Smoker, if you don't see them on sale,

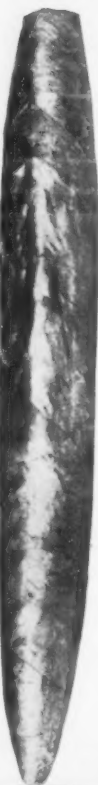
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These goods are from the same factory which produces the celebrated Lucke's Rolled Cigar, of Porto Rico stock, a product famous for its rich flavor and high value. 50 Lucke's Rolled Cigars for \$1.25, or 100 for \$2.25, sent prepaid. On sale almost everywhere.

# MARCH CENTURY



Beginning a Serial Novel  
of Adventure in the War of 1812

## "D'RI AND I"

By Irving Bacheller  
author of

"EBEN HOLDEN."

## The *Eternal City* by HALL CAINE

THE publication in *Collier's Weekly* of HALL CAINE'S new novel, which deals intimately and dramatically with life in certain lofty social circles of modern Rome, is now in progress. Whether you are in the habit of skipping serials or not, whether you are in the habit of reading *Collier's Weekly* regularly or not, it is certain that you cannot afford to miss the greatest literary feature of the year. Here are a few recent press notices:

The New York Times Saturday Review says:

THE ETHERAL CITY is written with a finer sympathy for the past than was displayed in Zola's "Rome."

The Chicago Times-Herald says:

There are many good novels but few good serials. *Collier's Weekly* has been rarely fortunate in its choice. Now the publishers announce HALL CAINE'S new novel, THE ETHERAL CITY, which gives every promise to be a success of the greatest magnitude.

The New York Mail and Express says:

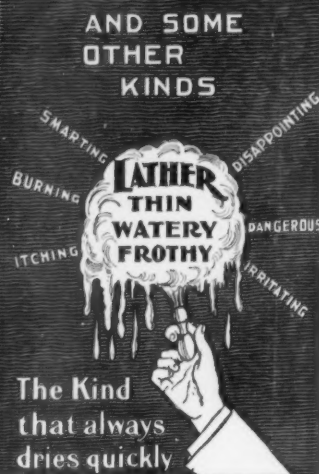
*Collier's Weekly*, which published serially "Janice Meredith" and Henry James's "The Turn of the Screw," will make a third venture in serial publication that promises to eclipse in popularity its two predecessors. In February this ably edited and enterprising weekly began the publication of HALL CAINE'S much discussed novel of Rome, THE ETHERAL CITY.

# COLLIER'S WEEKLY

## Williams' Shaving Soap



The Only Kind  
that Won't  
Dry on the Face



The Kind  
that always  
dries quickly

### When you buy Shaving Soap—

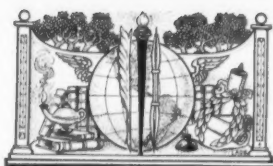
A soap expressly for the face and to come in contact with its delicate and sensitive tissues, are you willing to "take your chances" with a soap made by some soap maker, without sufficient experience—of materials you know nothing about—put together in some haphazard way and called a Shaving Soap—or will you insist upon the very best article you can buy—made by a firm that has been engaged for a life-time in the manufacture of Shaving Soap—and whose reputation is world-wide?

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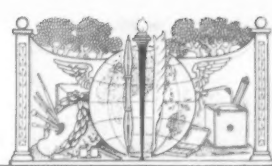


# COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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## The WEEK

EMPEROR WILLIAM CONTINUES TO ATTRACT UNTO himself more than his fair share of the world's attention. It has not escaped general notice that he cleverly contrived to take the centre of the stage when the tragedy of the Queen's death was on; and from that day to this he has been more or less involved in all the international politics revolving about the King. Within a few hours after the death of the Queen COLLIER'S WEEKLY predicted that the Anglo-German alliance would become closer and stronger, and subsequent events have fully verified that prophecy. The entente between the Berlin and London governments is now recognized the world

over as one of the most important factors in the international politics of the present and near future. When young William came to the throne thirteen years ago next June there were many dire doubts as to his ability to continue the work of empire-building begun by Bismarck. When Bismarck was dismissed all the world commiserated the fate of the poor German nation. Yet the German Empire was never stronger than it is to-day. Its head has surprised his friends

and confounded his critics. Nothing truer was ever said of William than that he is the one reigning monarch who has a penchant for saying foolish things and doing wise things. We see an exemplification of this in China, where he has made German influence second to that of Russia, where Germany marches along leading by the hand that veteran of Oriental activity, the British Government. All this, notwithstanding the fact that the excesses of the German troops have brought down upon their heads the savage dictum of Herr Behel, that the war in China was the "meanest and most shameful which Prussia has waged in two hundred years," and the further bold criticism of the same parliamentary leader that responsibility for this "incredible bestiality" rests with the Kaiser, who sent his troops forth enjoined to give no quarter.

THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT THAT ONE CAUSE OF the Kaiser's obvious coolness toward the United States and Russia, and his determination to stand closer to England, was the refusal of the Americans and the Russians to place their forces in China at Count Von Waldersee's command. It is well known that President McKinley and his advisers at Washington decided to withdraw our troops rather than permit them to fall under the control of the German field marshal who was going forth as with a flaming sword; and since the reports have come in concerning the manner in which that sword flamed up and down the luckless Chinese plains our American authorities have good reason to congratulate themselves upon their foresight. The Kaiser has never forgiven them, however, and an important result of that sensational Von Waldersee crusade has been to drive Great Britain and Germany into closer relations, while the United States virtually have an alliance with Russia and France. Meanwhile the United States have had trouble enough of a similar sort on their lands in the Philippines, where, despite reports of wholesale submission by the natives, routing of insurrectionary forces, and a general improvement in the condition of



JUDGE TAFT

affairs, fighting still goes on. It seems clear the situation in the Philippines has changed somewhat for the better, but it is still a long and tortuous road to peace. American public opinion, as reflected in the press and in Congress, supports the efforts of the Administration to suppress insurrection and to set up a civil government with full power to grant franchises and create vested rights. It is understood that Judge Taft, head of the President's commission, will be the first civil governor of the islands.

GENERAL LEONARD WOOD HAS BEEN CONSPICUOUS in the public eye of late. When the President promoted him to a brigadier-generalship in the Regular Army the Senate was at first inclined to balk at his confirmation. Statesmen were prone to ask questions concerning the rapid

rise of this young army doctor. Some of them figured out that if General Wood were to live till 1912, which as a young and vigorous man he has every hope of doing, he would become the head of the army as senior major-general, and they thought this was going a little too fast for a young man who three years ago was only an army surgeon with the rank of captain. But the episode of the promotion of Wood and the Senate's hesitancy about confirming him served a good purpose. In striking fashion it brought out the fact that under the new army law we have entered upon a new order of things. We now have the merit system of promotions, not the seniority system. To win promotion now an officer must "do something," give evidence of his usefulness and capability. Under the old system all an army man had to do to make sure of rising to the highest grades was to live and keep out of trouble—to "draw his breath and his salary," as some one has said, and time would do the rest. Mediocrity was as sure of advancement as qualities of the highest order. Fortunately we have come to the end of that sort of thing; our army is now organized upon the same principles of natural selection and survival of the fittest which control all the other professions. Above the grade of colonel the President has unlimited power of selection. He may take a second lieutenant and make him brigadier, if he likes; only there must be some good reason for it if he wishes to avoid clashing with public opinion. General Wood may become the senior major general of the army, even lieutenant-general, but not through seniority; no matter how long he lives. He cannot become a major-general at all unless some President names him for the grade and some Senate confirms the nomination. Other men who come forward and "do things" may outstrip him in the race.



GOVERNOR-GENERAL WOOD

THE PRIZES OF ARMY LIFE ARE NOW TO BE WON by striving, not simply by living. In the future, men will be struggling for opportunities, and, gaining opportunity, will endeavor to make the most of them. Yet so strong is tradition that many are unable to realize the new order of things. In the navy, where much of the old rule of seniority still exists, a great outcry was raised by the President's promotion of more than a hundred officers who had distinguished themselves in the Santiago campaign. Of course, the nomination of Rear-Admiral Sampson to go one point ahead of Rear-Admiral Schley roused a storm of opposition, and the old Schley-Sampson war has been revived and fought out again in Congress and in the press. But this was not all. As it was impossible for the President to promote the officers of the Santiago fleet without passing them over the heads of others of their grades, the friends of the latter were at once up in arms. "These officers who are to be pushed back nearer the bottom of the lists could have



REAR-ADMIRAL SAMPSON

done just as well as those who are to go ahead of them if they had only had the chance" was the argument used. "Are they to be punished because fate or favoritism denied them the opportunity to distinguish themselves?" It does seem hard that the officer who wanted to get into the battle line and who fretted his soul out because he could not must now lose his place to the lucky fellow who was sent to the front. But, on the other hand, is not that the way of the world? Does ever any man achieve success but a thousand more arise to say they could have done just as well if they had only had his chance? And is the world to stop meting out rewards through consideration for the fellows who might have done things but failed through lack of opportunity?

CUBA AND HER FUTURE HAVE BEEN BURNING questions before the American people for some time. The result is still involved in more or less doubt. It will be remembered that our Washington correspondent long ago pointed out the significance of the Administration's programme—a programme which designed to place Cuba under what would virtually be an American protectorate. As we then intimated, General Wood was expected to guide the Cuban Constitutional Convention aright, to lead it in the path which the Administration wanted it to follow. For a long time it looked as if this task were too great a one for even as clever a politician as the Governor-General of Cuba to perform successfully; and the Cubans were disposed to "go it alone,"

regardless of consequences. It is a curious circumstance that when General Wood's nomination to be a brigadier was before the Senate he was criticised because he had not controlled the Constitutional Convention. Senators said that, given absolute sway in the island, power to appoint all the officials and distribute all the plums, it ought to have been an easy matter to induce the Constitutional Convention to do whatever the Administration at Washington wanted it to do. Of late, however, General Wood appears to have been meeting with more success in his efforts to induce the Cubans to submit to some sort of American control of their affairs. Concurrently with our agitation of the question of Cuba's future, former Secretary of State Foster has been visiting Mexico and telling American newspaper readers what an excellent government General Porfirio Diaz maintains there—how he maintains public order, develops the country, gives prosperity and security to the people. Though nominally a republic, every one knows Mexico is actually under a dictatorship—a strong government centralized in one man. Many observers think such a government the best for all these Spanish-American countries with their peculiarly mixed elements and revolutionary tendencies. But where is the General Diaz of Cuba? Certainly not General Maximo Gomez.



PRESIDENT DIAZ

SECRETARY GAGE HAS BEEN LEARNING HOW thankless a task the performance of duty sometimes is. In pursuance of a mandatory law of Congress, the Secretary of the Treasury recently made a ruling which imposed countervailing duties upon Russian beet sugar imported to this country. When an export or other bounty is paid on foreign sugar the law requires the imposition of these countervailing duties in American ports; the Secretary of the Treasury is given no option. It appearing from the evidence that the Russian government did pay such bounties upon sugar, Mr.



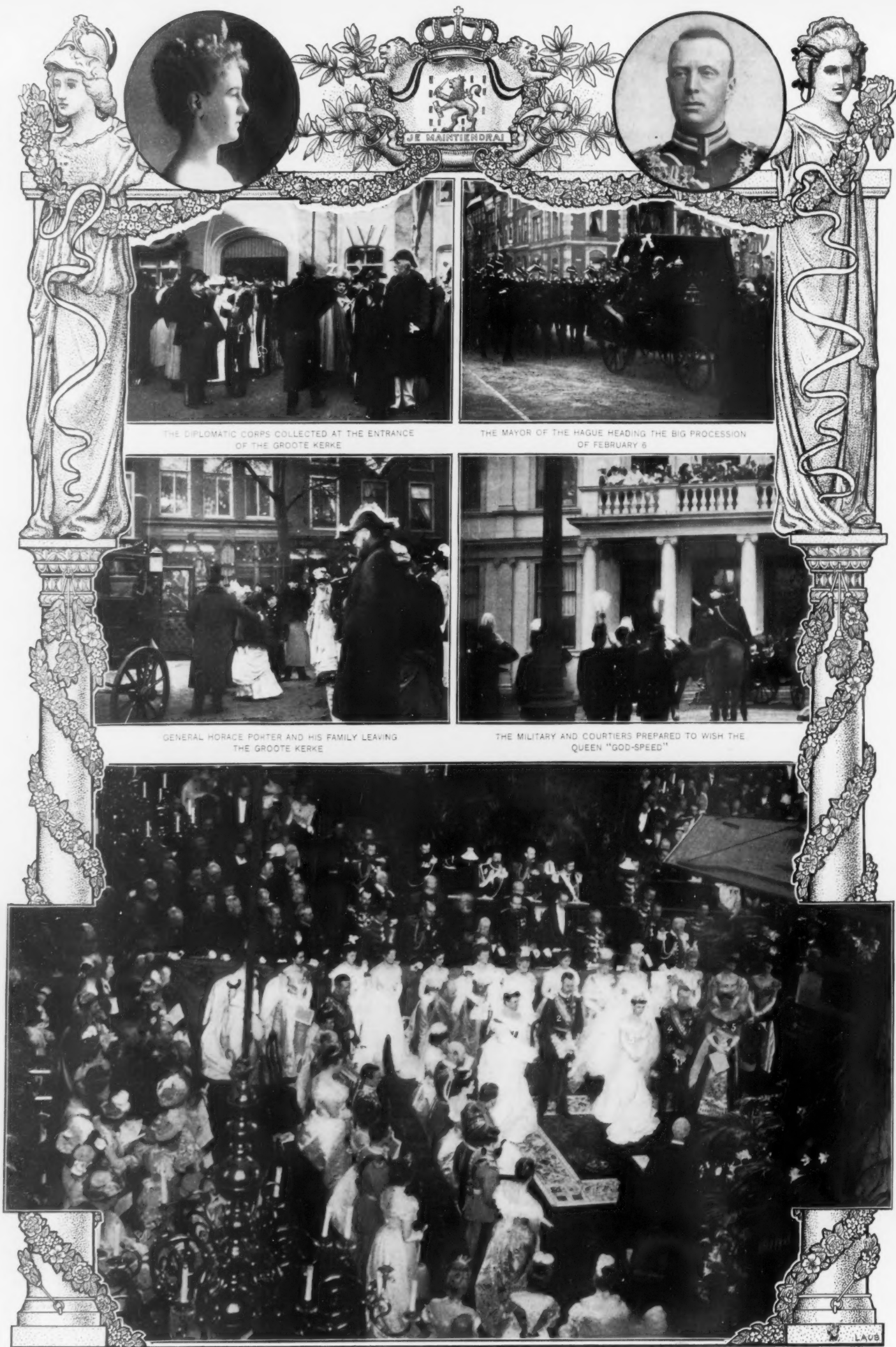
SECRETARY GAGE

Gage properly ordered the extra duties collected. Russia immediately retaliated with tariff discriminations against American goods, and the Secretary was roundly abused for having started a commercial war by doing such a stupid thing as to enforce the law. No one has entered any complaint against Congress for putting the law upon the statute books in the first place. It should be borne in mind that the ruling of the Secretary is not final, but was made for the purpose of having the whole matter investigated and decided by the board of appraisers upon appeal. The promptness with which Russia retaliated, and the ease with which her government found the necessary authorization for changing the Russian tariff schedules, is ominous of the sort of treatment American exporters may expect in Siberia and Manchuria whenever the Czar thinks it time to close the open door.

AN EXPENSIVE LUXURY IS A GOVERNMENT LIKE ours. The news from Washington is that the total appropriations made and to be made by this Congress will run up to a billion and a half of dollars. This sum represents the cost of carrying on the government for two years. There has been a great outcry of alarm among the Republican leaders, and at the last moment, when it was too late, they have been trying to cut down the expenditures. They are not likely to accomplish much in that direction. In Congress there have been a number of speeches designed on the one side to restrain the majority and on the other to rouse the country to a realization of the enormity of the national outlay. Senator Hale of Maine, a member of the Committee on Appropriations, made a most forcible appeal to his Republican colleagues to stop and count the cost. The Democrats are already preparing to go to the country with tales of extravagance. A billion and a half is a good deal of money, to be sure, even for a rich people like ours. We have lately plumed ourselves on the fact that last year our exports amounted to nearly \$1,500,000,000. To say that in two years we spend in carrying on our government as much as all the world pays us in half that time for all our surplus products is perhaps as good a way as there is to bring to the mind a realization of the vast cost of running our Federal machine.



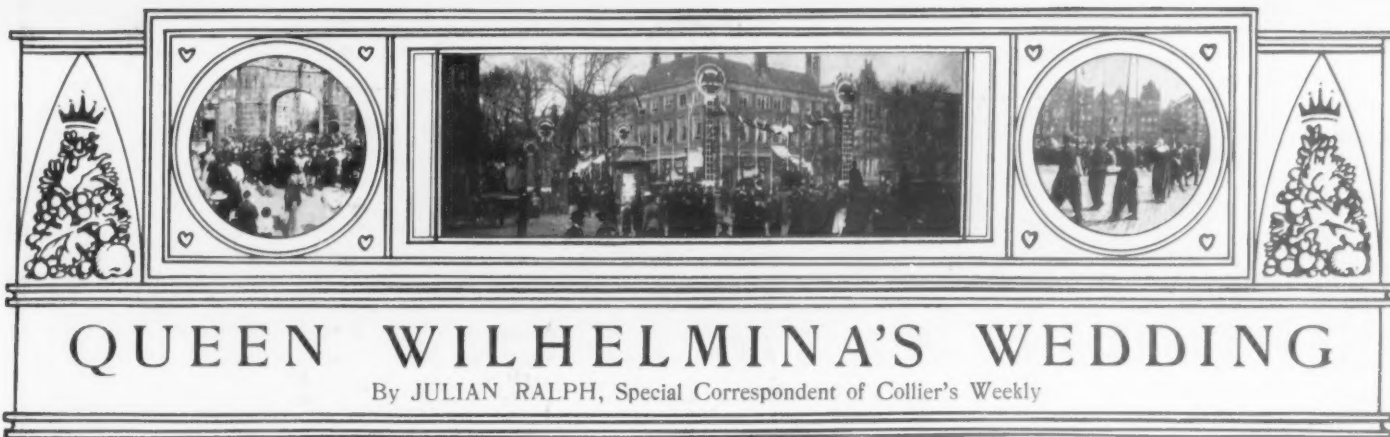
SENATOR HALE



THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY—IN THE FRONT ROW BEGINNING AT THE LEFT ARE (1) QUEEN EMMA, (2) DUKE HENRY'S BROTHER, (3) THE BRIDE, (4) THE BRIDEGROOM, (5) THE BRIDEGROOM'S MOTHER

# QUEEN WILHELMINA'S WEDDING





# QUEEN WILHELMINA'S WEDDING

By JULIAN RALPH, Special Correspondent of Collier's Weekly



**T**O BURY A GREAT QUEEN and in the same week to attend the wedding of another queen only twelve hours distant—this has not happened to many persons in the world's history. Though I may explain to you with the most graphic language the effect of going out of London with its whole face veiled in sombre drapings and suddenly coming to The Hague all a-flutter with the gayest and most brilliant colors, I cannot hope that you will realize the contrast. One could readily suit himself to the quiet jubilation of a nation over the new birth of a baby heir to a throne, for the inevitable sequence of death is new life, just as death itself must ever follow birth. But to leave a nation in sackcloth, grieving over a ruler whose character for virtue has never been paralleled, and then to come upon a whole nation dancing, shouting and singing over the marriage of a vigorous, lusty queen—well, not even the plastic and usually disinterested mind of a journalist could receive a shock like that without feeling its tremendous force.

## HOW WILHELMINA PREPARED TO WED

On our first day in Holland every American and English correspondent voted the Dutch wedding a tame and trifling little episode which we were obliged to treat seriously, but in which we could not force an interest. You see, Holland has not got the population of New York and the money voted by the frugal parliament to carry on a royal wedding festival is not to be reckoned with the money our aldermen would spend if we were holding a fair or receiving a czar or a queen. The result was that we found the little capital dressed almost wholly with Dutch flags, and only here and there a few loops of evergreen sprinkled with make-believe oranges, while the shop windows were filled with nothing better than badges and photographs, ranging in price from one cent to ten cents in our money. The royalties were only minor people—a grandduke and his children from Russia, and an unconsidered prince from Prussia. Moreover, these and all the other distinguished visitors were housed in four or five hotels like the Vieux Dalem, the Indes, and other hosteleries to which American tourists flock every summer and pay a dollar or a dollar and a quarter for rooms without board. Think of that, after seeing an emperor, three kings, and over forty princes and princesses lodged in royal palaces and riding around in golden carriages! Here in Holland, by the way, there appears to be only one royal carriage of the usual Bar-num and Bailey type, and therefore the petty German princes and the royalties of Prussia and Russia who came here were obliged to go to and fro in carriages inferior to those owned by the rich burghers of the city, and only made suitable for them, in a way, by fastening a band of orange velvet on the right-hand sleeve of each coachman and footman. The dozen or fifteen princelets and titled ladies who came here had names that sounded like a Rhine wine list in a German restaurant, and were, in reality, all of the House of Waldeck-Pyrmont, to which the queen-mother belongs, or of the families of Mecklenburg or Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the people of the Duke Henry, the bridegroom. The girl-queen Wilhelmina knew very well that every court in Europe would send its sovereign or its heir-apparent, unless she prevented their coming; and, as she could not fittingly entertain them, she requested them all to refrain from paying their respects in person, and to allow themselves to be represented by their ministers, special envoys and ambassadors. She is by no means a poor sovereign, I am told. She has great wealth in her own right. But she knows too much to build herself grand palaces and spend her money upon what her people should pay out their public means—in days like these and in a country which she knows very well would be a republic next month were she to die to-morrow.

She sent out no warning against the coming of her own and the bridegroom's relatives, and that is why a perusal of the names of her visitors was to me very comically like an advanced lesson in German. The royal families of Russia, England, Germany, Denmark and Holland are obliged to marry into these petty fourth-rate German princely houses because they are Protestants, and there are no other blue-blooded Protestants except the little German houses and themselves. That is why Denmark is tied to all the Protestant thrones. That is why the royal family of England is German, the royal family of Prussia is half English, and the Russian court is so heavily-tempered and, in a measure, civilized by German and English blood.

## SOME PERSONAL HISTORY OF THE "LITTLE QUEEN"

But now to begin again and tell of Holland and her beloved girl-queen's wedding. Having recovered from the first impression of the Offenbachian quality and grade of the occasion, we gradually fell under the influence of the extraordinary jubilation of the people. You must know that the Dutch

realize the small size of their country and their military and naval weakness. They know how immensely valuable to Germany would be their many ports and harbors, which the Germans will need when their hope of possessing a great navy is realized. They suspect Germany of an intention to absorb them sooner or later. They are not without fear that France will seize Belgium some day, and if Belgium loses her independence they will not have much hope for their own. To safeguard themselves against German foul play they realize that they must keep up their ruling family—the House of Orange; believing that the ruling house of Germany is too strong a believer in the divine right of kings and too ardent a devotee of tradition to disturb a historic royal family in the possession of its cherished rights (?). That was why they wanted their girl-queen married and rejoiced when she arranged a match.

Now let us consider Queen Wilhelmina for a moment, since she is not merely the central figure in this festival, but is in herself a most interesting character. Her case parallels that of Victoria of England at many vital points. She was born twenty years ago of an alliance between her father the king and an obscure princess named Emma of Waldeck-Pyrmont. Like Victoria, she was strictly brought up in great seclusion, without playmates or companions, having the training of a simple maiden of a good family with small means. From the time that she passed out of childhood into young womanhood the officials of the Dutch government plagued her mother to find a husband for her, and when, at eighteen years of age, she was crowned in 1898, these state officers transferred their energies to her, and demanded to know whom and when she was going to marry. It was to them a vital question, but to her it was so intimately personal as to seem outrageous, and immediately after her coronation she said to her Prime Minister: "Do not speak to me again of marriage for the next two years. Until then I shall not think of it."

A very strong-willed, independent, masterful little woman is this young queen. She is absolutely fearless like her father, but she is not of the sort to be fearless without realizing the risks of queenhood. On the day she was crowned she had to ride through the streets with their dense crowds of onlookers, and on entering the doors of the church she said that it seemed to her that the strength had all run out of her legs. We who have just seen the German Kaiser and the King of England age ten years in appearance merely for having to follow Queen Victoria to her grave can measurably realize what it must mean to a monarch to have to figure publicly in a cortege or pageant to which the idle and the lunatic of Europe have been drawn for curiosity or for murder. However, Queen Wilhelmina braced herself, advanced to her throne on the altar, and went through the ceremony of being crowned. When it was concluded and she was queen in her own right, she turned and saw her mother, the ex-Regent, advancing with her arms apart to embrace her in an excess of maternal affection. The little queen stood still, and when her mother reached her side she avoided the embrace, and with great coolness and dignity extended her queenly right hand for her mother to kiss, as is the custom of court personages in public. If you merely read these words without pondering the situation you think to yourself that on this occasion Queen Wilhelmina displayed untitled pride and a heart of ice. It is not so. Without doubt she flung herself in her mother's arms when they were alone together and cried like the simple girl she was, but she knew that were she to do so in public she would give her people the right to imagine that she was not to serve them as queen after all, but was to subordinate herself in the future as in the past to her mother, who is, after all, an outsider, not of the royal line of Orange.

## HOW THE QUEEN DANCED HER CROWN OFF

During her short life she has had almost no companion except her mother, and the only male being with whom she has sufficient acquaintance to feel free and off her guard with is a prince of her mother's (Waldeck-Pyrmont) family, who is twice her age and married. He is full of fun and very fond of Wilhelmina, and it is said that a year or two ago on a public occasion she danced with him so spiritedly that she danced her crown off. The fact is that she was wearing, not a crown, but a tiara, and instead of its falling off it became disarranged and had to be straightened by the court Mistress of Ceremonies.

Duke Henry—a mere "Highness" at the time, but now made Prince of the Netherlands and entitled to be called "Your Royal Highness"—came to The Hague a fortnight or more before the wedding on a visit to his fiancée, and they have been spending every afternoon in horseback riding in the royal grounds and about the country. It is fortunate for Queen Wilhelmina that she should be so fond of riding, for her physical tendency is toward stoutness; and when I saw her review the herring fleet last summer I was so disappointed by the change which had come over her that I was averse from describing her wedding lest I should be obliged to call her fat like Queen Emma, her mother, who is of distinctly Hollandish build. However, the opportunity to get her ducal lover to herself in these daily out-of-door jaunts caused the girl-queen to devote herself so vigorously to horseback exercise that she stood before the altar yesterday a slender and very comely maiden again—as she had been from childhood until a year ago.

Of the festivities leading up to the wedding there is not much to interest a distant public like ours, because everything

was on the smallest scale and, until the actual church ceremony took place, was of a private and family nature. The great feature of the affair to a foreigner was the manner in which the Dutch public celebrated the event. To say that they went wild over it is not in the least an exaggeration of speech. They hung out so many flags that the principal streets were almost roofed over with bunting. They set up poles in some of the streets and spanned the roads from pole to pole with ropes of evergreen, into which orange ribbons were twisted—a form of outdoor decoration unknown to us or the French or the English. They illuminated their shops, restaurants and hotels and some dwellings with electric lights that framed the windows. Then they all decked themselves with badges, and thousands of the men wore bands of orange on their coat sleeves, while the women put orange ribbons around their necks or in their hats.

## BEDLAM LOOSE AT THE HAGUE

And every night—as surely as the sun went down—they fell to dancing and singing. In no other country have I ever seen popular excitement or jubilation assume this form; but it is the custom of the Dutch peasants (or "Boers," as they are called here) to give way to their pleasure in this way.

Thus the people made merry. The royalties, on the other hand, were kept busy with a round of entertainments in the little white palace in the heart of the town. Every day there was a state breakfast at noon or one o'clock, and every evening a state dinner. On one night four theatres were made free to the public, and at the Royal Theatre a special performance was given for the queen's guests. The notable feature of the evening was a spectacle in which the leading actors and actresses of the country were dressed in the ancient costumes of the people of the eleven provinces of Holland, and in a poetic series of recitations written by a distinguished scholar rendered homage to the young queen. On the next night, the evening before the wedding, tableaux vivants were given at the palace. The queen always wore white with a greater or less display of diamonds and pearls, which are her favorite jewels. On Tuesday, two days before the wedding, the leading choral societies went to the garden of the palace, where the band of the Grenadier Guards led them in a series of songs with which they serenaded the rosy young girl while she walked about with her fiancé and chatted with her distinguished visitors. On the next day, Wednesday, three thousand men of various labor unions and singing and shooting societies, together with a large number of fishermen, paraded through the streets and past the palace.

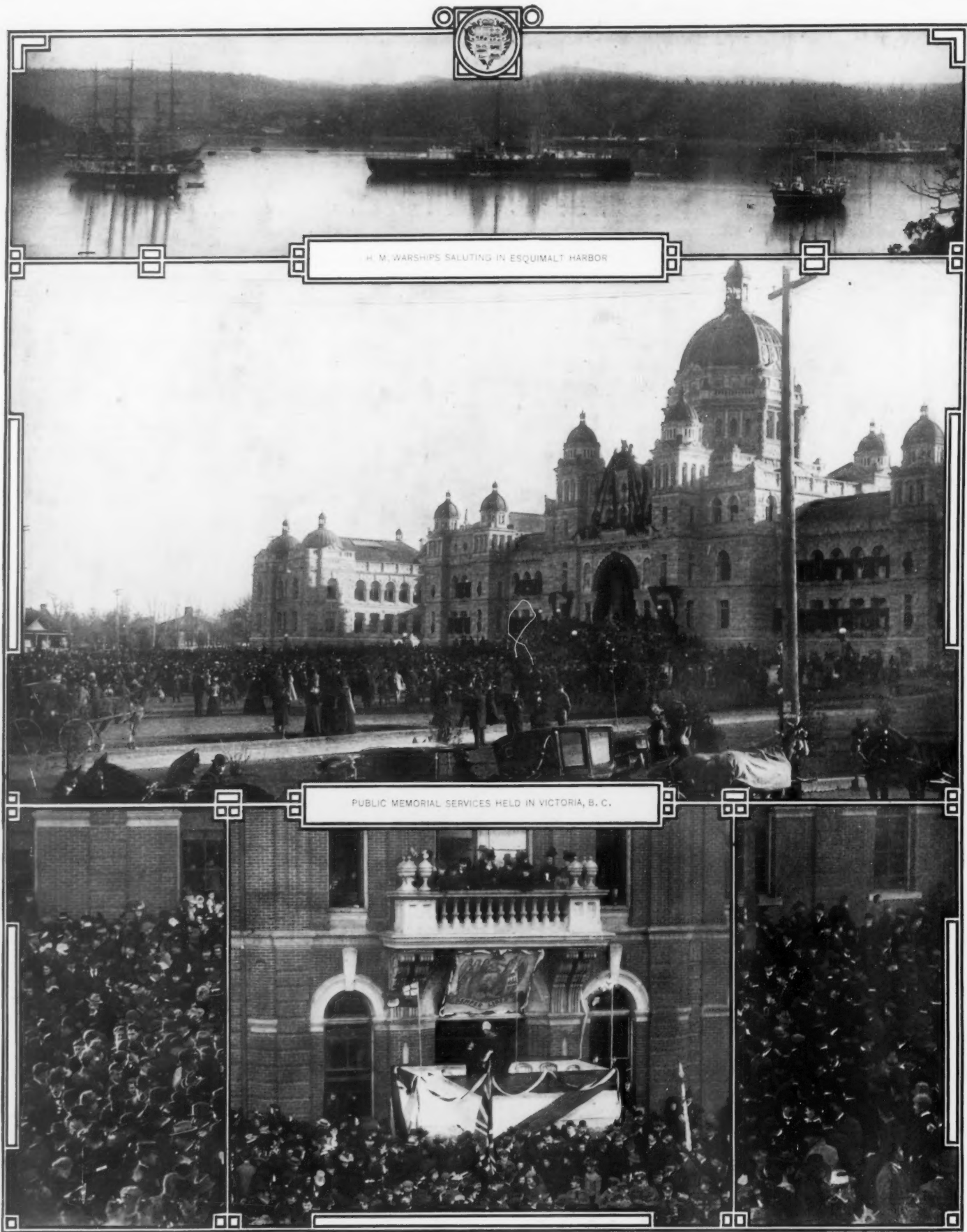
## WILHELMINA AND HER BOY LOVER

As they say in Europe, "Her Majesty graciously consented to review this homely, simple procession"—and so did her phlegmatic looking, smooth-faced ducal lover, who is twenty-four, but looks a boy of twenty.

The queen's next public appearance was in a plain carriage, in which she drove out to Scheveningen, the most fashionable European seaside resort in summer and the simplest of fishing villages in winter. It is really a part of The Hague, at the end of a short horse-car journey through the ancient deer park of the kings. On the next day, Thursday, the 7th, she was twice married—first by civil ceremony in private, and then religiously and publicly in church. "The civil ceremony is the real thing," said the people—meaning that it was the only rite necessary under the law. This civil ceremony took place in the Red Chamber of the palace before the Chief Justice, the Presidents of the two Chambers of Deputies and other civil dignitaries. In accordance with the law, the queen promised to obey her husband, to allow him to manage her property (unless otherwise stipulated by private agreement), to allow him to have the disposal of her means (unless otherwise stipulated), and to live with him and go with him wherever he decided it to be best to take up his home. Of course, this was the routine and regular form of the civil statute, and was only varied in the queen's case by such agreements as had been privately reached between herself and her fiancé and between him and the state officials. She was to obey him as a wife but not as a queen, it was said; and instead of his managing her property and spending what he pleased of her means she had already made him an allowance of the interest of a large sum of money during her life, and the state had parsimoniously agreed to give him fifteen thousand dollars a year, I believe, during his widowhood should she die before he does. The civil ceremony was therefore a mere formality observed in deference to the law of the nation. When she came to the religious rite in the great church of The Hague she was again subjected to the rigid form of the church service, precisely as if she had been a Boer girl or a merchant's daughter, and in this case no reservations were implied or intended to be recognized. If she broke the ordinances of the Church she could not claim any royal privilege, but must do so as any woman may who marries and violates her vows. This was the spirit of the austere and sober service she attended.

## A BEAUTIFUL SPECTACLE

The procession from the palace to the church was very small and unpretentious. A hundred hussars with a band, the most splendid state coach of gold and crystal in Europe, a line of black landaus carrying the royal visitors, a hundred artillerymen—the whole pursuing a short route through a jam of people bisected by two lines of soldier guards to keep the



H. M. WARSHIPS SALUTING IN ESQUIMALT HARBOR

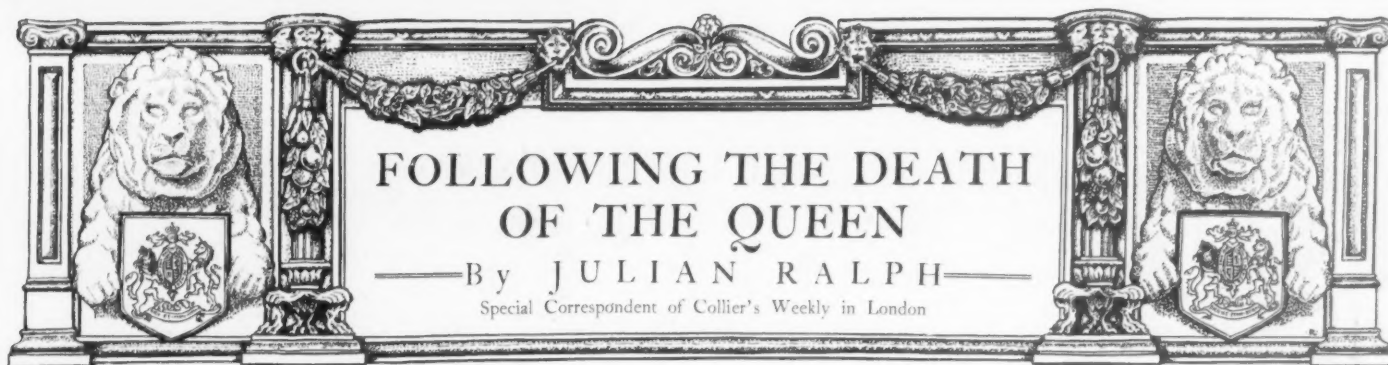
PUBLIC MEMORIAL SERVICES HELD IN VICTORIA, B. C.

READING THE PROCLAMATION OF KING EDWARD VII. IN FRONT OF THE CITY HALL, VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA

## CANADA HONORS THE MEMORY OF QUEEN VICTORIA

THE FUNERAL CEREMONIES FOR QUEEN VICTORIA, LIKE THE MARTIAL MUSIC OF ENGLAND, ENCIRCLED THE GLOBE. BEGINNING IN THE PAGEANTRY AT ST. PAUL'S, LONDON, THE NOTES OF MOURNING PASSED EAST AND WEST FROM COLONY TO COLONY, UNTIL WAS SOUNDED IN THE HARBOR OF ESQUIMALT, BRITISH COLUMBIA, CANADA'S LAST LOYAL TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE QUEEN. UNLIKE MOST OF THE MEMORIAL SERVICES, THOSE HELD IN VICTORIA WERE NOT A FORMAL STATE CEREMONIAL, BUT WERE A SPONTANEOUS TRIBUTE FROM THE PEOPLE. MORE THAN 25,000 PERSONS, IT WAS ESTIMATED, ASSEMBLED IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT AND CITY HALL TO TAKE PART IN THE MEMORIAL SERVICES. MANY MORE FLOCKED TO THE SHORES OF ESQUIMALT HARBOR TO HEAR THE FIRING OF THE 81 MINUTE-GUNS ON H.M.S. "EGERIA," EACH ONE COUNTING OFF A YEAR OF VICTORIA'S LIFE. THE GREAT CONCOURSE SANG HYMNS, INCLUDING "GOD SAVE THE KING"; THE PROCLAMATION OF KING EDWARD VII. WAS READ, AND AN ADDRESS WAS DELIVERED BY LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR SIR HENRI JOLY DE LOTBINIERE. VICTORIA, THE CAPITAL OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, WAS NAMED IN HONOR OF THE QUEEN. ESQUIMALT, ITS MAGNIFICENT NAVAL FORTRESS, IS SUPPOSED BY ENGLISHMEN TO BE IMPREGNABLE





## THE QUEEN IS DEAD—LONG LIVE THE KING!

I AM INCLINED to rub my eyes and wonder if I am still in the land of pageantry and pomp and glitter and ceremony. I write on the final day of the many successive ones in which gold and silver and trappings and crowns have dazzled the eye and ensnared the senses. The Queen's death and funeral now belong to history. The scenes which I have witnessed, which in fact I have looked upon with eyes heavy with sleep, yet with a spirit alive to the great events that then transpired, will go down to our descendants as among the most brilliant, the most gorgeous and the most solemn in the history of this wonderful world. And they were enacted in a country which has ever been the home of pageantry and love of pomp. The wonderful day in the Solent on Saturday can never be adequately described. There is no Turner alive to-day to paint that marvellous sunset which added so fittingly to the close of one of the most remarkable days in the annals of this great island. Superlatives cannot be found to tell it. Saturday's funeral, though described by the most brilliant pens, and made forever memorable by the dearest brush of the great artists of the day, was an event which only now comes upon one in the full majesty of its import. Where in all the universe have five millions of people gathered in mute sorrow to pay respect and homage to their illustrious dead? Yesterday again the eye was bewildered with the splendor of a royal cortege at Windsor. And to-day, the most brilliant of sunshiny days, gave us the picture of the departing kings in their triumphal march through a cheering London, that same London which only two days before had stood packed mass upon mass in solemn, uncovered mourning in the streets and parks.

I liked to-day's procession better than all. The world smiled again and came out to greet the great German grandson of England as he wended his way through the streets to the station. Never has man been more popular in England than William of Germany. How strange, that this one sovereign, who only a few weeks ago was spoken of with an ironical curl of the lip, should to-day be acclaimed from the housetops as the popular hero! I stood at the Marble Arch waiting to see the little procession go by. Far away there was a dull roar, like distant thunder. It was the cheering of the multitudes as they hailed the passing Emperor. The King was by his side, but eyes were not for him. All were centred on the strong, manly figure, sitting upright and rigid in the carriage, looking neither to the right nor the left. I must and will use that hackneyed phrase—he looked every inch a king; and, between us, I think he knew it. Like a school-boy, not satisfied with my one view of the Emperor, I followed by a circuitous route so that I could see him again. Thousands, nay, hundreds of thousands, did likewise. I met the procession again at the top of St. James's Street, where there was an immense crush, and where the cheering was simply deafening. Above me, on a balcony in Arlington Street, I saw the aged Marquis of Salisbury, standing with bared head, bowing loyally to his younger master and his imperial guest as they passed. Both the King and the Em-

peror saw him, and both raised their hands to their plumed headgear in salute. It was a pathetic sight to see this old man, alone on the balcony, a solitary figure, receiving the respectful salutations of the two great monarchs.

## WHO WILL STEER THE SHIP OF STATE?

All eyes are turned to Mr. Chamberlain at the moment. He is the coming man, say those who know all about the inner workings of Cabinet machinery. As usual on these occasions Mr. Chamberlain is busy with his orchids, and it is impossible to learn what powers he is invoking to work in his behalf. Lord Rosebery, too, is expected to come out of his retirement, to succeed Lord Salisbury. He has been Prime Minister before, but he is known to have stated that when he became the head of his Cabinet he had achieved the summit of his ambition, which was comprised under three heads. He said when he entered upon his career that he would accomplish three things. He would marry the richest girl in England, he would win the Derby, and he would be Prime Minister; all of which he has succeeded in doing. He married the daughter of Lord Rothschild and won the Derby. He sat at the head of one of the weakest governments of the last century, and it is not likely that he will attempt to undertake the task again. The King is his personal friend, and may prevail upon him to form a new Cabinet, but if he does it will be done in the face of a hostile Lords and Commons; and never in the history of England has such a contingency availed a man.

The tuft hunters are out in full force. The King's old friends, those who six months ago were derided as social pariahs, are now the great men of Pall Mall and St. James's Street. The great dukes and noblemen who last year held up their mighty heads in scorn as they passed those who were known to be in the Marlborough House set are beginning to unbend. They give a whole hand instead of two fingers when they meet them, and invitation to country houses, when the season of mourning has ended, will show names that were hitherto considered not good enough for second-rate parties. There has been a complete shuffle of the social arrangement everywhere in the higher circles, and the struggle for place and advancement is as keen as it is in Washington every four years when a new President makes his appearance, with this difference, that in Washington the wrangle is for moneyed preferment and here it is for social distinction.

## LORD WOLSELEY GETS THE "GOLD STICK IN WAITING"

I hear that Lord Wolseley, who has succeeded to the enviable position of Gold Stick in Waiting—you must imagine what it is, for I do not know—is finally to be made Governor of the Chelsea Hospital for Invalid Soldiers. This is a post usually reserved for a retired field marshal, for the simple reason that a house goes with the appointment, and that house is one which any field marshal may be proud to live in. It was once the home of Walpole, and its dining-room is one of the finest in all England. The duties of the position are al-

most nil, and the salary is worth taking with the house. I saw Lord Wolseley this afternoon in St. James's Street. He was a spectator of that kingly procession in which his successor, Lord Roberts, was taking a part. I think there must have been a shade of sadness in his face as he saw the gallant old Bobs go by, cheered to the echo by the admiring thousands. No one noticed Wolseley, and yet it is not so long ago since the mobs in the streets went wild at the sight of the hero of Tel-el-Kebir. He is not an old man, though the inexorable rules of the War Office decreed his retirement for age. His eyes have the same flash, his skin shows the same color, fresh and healthy, his walk is as elastic as ever; and, if I must add it, his utterances in public are as indiscreet and direct as they were at the beginning of the war, when, at the Authors' Club, he landed the War Office in a most inextricable mess by making statements which should not have reached the public ear. Nevertheless, "Sir Garnet," as he is popularly known, was a great favorite with the Queen as well as with all the army. He was always a courtier, and he made himself doubly popular with the Queen when, on his return from his Egyptian campaign, he was a guest at Osborne and her Majesty drank his health at dinner. This was an unusual and unprecedented compliment, but the gallant Irishman was not found wanting. With a ready wit which would have failed a less tactful man he broke through the bounds of royal etiquette and, rising, remarked: "If your Majesty will permit me" (here there was a deep blush, for every one believed he was about to drink the Queen's health in return; a most unheard-of proceeding), "I beg to offer a toast to the health of my brave comrade in arms, his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, whose services in Egypt I shall ever gratefully remember." The Queen showed her delight at this compliment to the Duke by thanking him again and again; and it is said that Wolseley's preferment for the place of head of the army was the natural result of this exhibition of ready wit.

## "BOBS" FIRST IN THE HEARTS OF HIS COUNTRYMEN

Lord Wolseley's successor, the inevitable "Bobs," holds sway over the hearts of the people to-day. He is cheered to the very echo wherever he goes. I am told that when he is seen in the streets poor men go to him and salute in soldierly fashion. Others beg him to shake them by the hand, and many of them run behind him and cry out, "Good old Bobs!" much to his annoyance and disgust. The other afternoon at Paddington the big sky-blue-coated officers of the German guards saw him approach. They formed up in line—they were mostly princes and counts—and saluted. Then they did not rest until they were taken up one by one and presented to the little man who never reached to more than the middle of any of his admirers. They all bowed low to the ground, shot up straight in the air, clicked their heels together, and, saluting, turned sharp round and went back to their line, a flush of pride and satisfaction on each face. Little Bobs smiled grimly all the while.



## QUEEN WILHELMINA'S WEDDING



way clear. That was all. But when she reached what is called "the Great Church" she was the centre of one of the most beautiful spectacles that it is possible to imagine—the most beautiful assemblage and accessories that I have yet seen. The naked bareness of the big plain edifice helped to accentuate the splendor of the display. One half the church is never used, but is screened off so as to leave a square building formed of the end of the nave and the transept. The partition was hidden by palms and lilies. The centre of the great square space was carpeted with a royal red rug framed with a broad margin of silver decked with the gray-colored arms of all the Dutch provinces. In front of this carpet was the quaint old pulpit, behind it was the royal pew, and all around it were carved oaken chairs upholstered with green velvet. The pulpit rose above a mass of palms and Easter lilies, and the great sections of pews that faced the square space on three sides had their once bare front walls covered with pale blue velvet worked with innumerable figures of the rampant lion of Holland. One block of pews was filled by officers of the army in blue coats with an excess of gold on their shoulders and collars. Another was filled by admirals, commodores and captains of the navy, also much bedizened with gold. Another, the greatest section, was crowded by the diplomatic corps and the envoys of the courts of all Europe and many Asiatic and American lands. These men were in full court dress, and the fronts of their coats were covered with the heaviest gold embroidery. Among them were Russian and Balkan envoys in white or pearl gray coats, all gold incrustated; Turks and Egyptians in fezes; a Japanese, and the noted Dr. Leyds of the Transvaal, the handsomest and the youngest of them all, and much the showiest in his dress. The diplomats had brought their wives with them, and the ladies were all in full evening dress, décolleté, bejewelled—a beautiful massing of rose, pink, light blue and white silks.

At a few minutes past twelve o'clock the procession reached the Great Church, and to the beautiful painting, whose figures and colors I have merely suggested, was added the splendor


of the two queens and their guests—a Russian Grandduke (Vladimir) and his beautiful daughter; the reigning Duke of Mecklenburg, a royal Prince of Prussia, and a dozen lesser personages. The men all wore uniforms, and the ladies were splendidly attired and dazzlingly jewelled. They came in two-and-two past a double line of courtiers and palace dignitaries, who bent low before them. The young queen walked with her betrothed—she in a dress of silver tissue over white silk fashioned as simply as a dress could well be made, and only touched with tulle down the front and at the shoulders. It was a low-cut, sleeveless frock, of course, long-trained and hidden at the back by the cloud of tulle that formed her bridal veil. She carried a great loose bouquet of orchids and orange blossoms, and the latter flower was entwined about her coronet of gold and diamonds. The Duke Heinrich wore the uniform of a Dutch admiral with the sash of a royal order across the coat. He is a heavily built young man, five feet and eleven inches in stature, but his royal bride is more than five feet seven inches in height. Both were pale as chalk, but the queen's arms had been made almost blood-red by the cold outer air through which she had been driven. The queen-mother wore a darkish lilac dress cut or pierced, as the modists say, to reveal a lighter petticoat of satin. The two queens, the bridegroom, his mother, the Grandduke Vladimir and his daughter, the Princess Helene, as well as the Duke of Mecklenburg, all sat in the single line of chairs on the royal carpet, and before the bride and groom was a double prie-dieu of carved oak with silver pillows upon it for the exalted pair to kneel upon.

## WILHELMINA PROMISES TO "LOVE, HONOR AND OBEY"

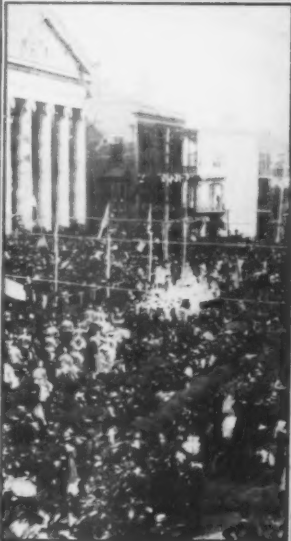
The court predikant or minister wore a black gown and white clerical collar, ending in two white tabs upon his breast. He is a devout and, I should think, severely religious man. He harangued the royal pair in a high, melancholy, tearful voice, making his voice quiver and break, as

we sometimes hear an old-style country parson do in preaching. It was the opportunity of his life, and he made the most of it. Had the duke been a schoolboy he could not have been talked to more sternly. Had the queen been a madcap girl late at her communion service she could not have had the religious ordinances laid down to her more plainly. "You are to love, honor and obey your husband," said the predikant. "You must understand that the man is the head of the family—that is the natural, the only proper place for him in matrimony." He talked to the kneeling pair for ten minutes, and then bade them stand and clasp each other's right hand while he pronounced them man and wife. We all heard their simple response of "Yah," said once by the groom and once by the queen. Upon a small golden tray the preacher handed the marriage ring to the duke, who put it on the bride's finger, and then the predikant gave a big Bible to the duke, who at once handed it to an officer to carry away. That done, the predikant invoked a blessing, and the congregation sang two very short hymns—or rather, a hymn and a few lines of the 113th Psalm. The words were printed on sheets that had been scattered about the church, and I noticed that both the queen and the duke took up these pages and sang with the rest of the people.


Thus ended the wedding of Wilhelmina, the Queen of the Netherlands, and nothing else did most of us see. But I from a seat that commanded what went on beyond the screen saw the queen fly to her royal mother and kiss her many times. Then she kissed her husband's mother, and after that she kissed, apparently, every lady in the royal procession out of the church. She had become flushed with blushing, and her eyes sparkled with excitement. I have never seen her look so beautiful. The matrons kissed the royal consort European fashion (most sensible of fashions) once on each cheek. And he stood it like a statue. This over, back went the royalties to luncheon at the palace, and two hours later the newly wedded couple travelled by train to the queen's summer palace of Loo in a great forest, near Utrecht, for their honeymoon.




MISS MAY EOLA GRUNEWALD,  
QUEEN OF THE FALSTAFFIANS




MISS ALICE POSEY, QUEEN  
OF THE CREW OF NERUS







ALFRED HENNEN MORRIS  
King of the Carnival




MISS BESSIE MERRICK  
Queen of the Carnival



MISS CORINNE DESOMMIS, QUEEN  
OF THE TWELFTH NIGHT REVELLERS



THE LANDING OF REX'S  
YACHT AND FLEET



## THE CARNIVAL OF MARDI GRAS, AT NEW ORLEANS

THERE IS NO BETTER PLACE on earth to go than New Orleans during the Carnival week. Rich and poor, exalted and humble, all don the garb of happiness and drink long and deep at the fountain of festivity until midnight of Mardi Gras (Shrove Tuesday).

The Carnival this year was the most magnificent and successful in its history. And it was crowned by ideal weather. On February 14, Thursday night, the Knights of Momus initiated the popular festivities. The subject of the parade was one that struck the popular fancy, for it came within the understanding of the simplest mind. Everybody knows the feast days and their significance. April Fool's Day, St. Valentine's Day, Easter Day, Independence Day, All Saints' Day, Christmas Day—in all that vast throng there was none who did not grasp the meaning of each tableau. From the last car Santa Claus distributed gifts to the little folks.

Monday the formal entry of Rex into his favorite city was an event of surpassing pomp. Early in the morning a steamboat bearing the king and a few members of his entourage left the city for a point about ten miles down the river. At eleven o'clock the start toward the city was made. As the vessel neared the city it was joined by half a hundred vessels of every description in the harbor, all gay with bunting and continuously blowing their steam whistles, and those provided with cannon firing minute-guns. They formed in escort, under the orders of the Admiral of the Port, and led the way to the landing place at the head of Canal Street. There were gathered all the militia in the city, troops to the number of two thousand, and they formed in line to greet his Majesty on landing. As soon as his Majesty set foot upon the wharf a salute of twenty-one guns thundered forth, and then the line of march was formed. The king was accompanied by his household guards, all arrayed in gorgeous costumes and finely mounted. They occupied a place just before the royal carriage. Conspicuous also were the dukes in carriages, and the

peers of the realm, to the number of a hundred, in Prince Albert coats and silk hats, mounted. The cavalcade marched through the principal streets of the city, and then stopped at the City Hall, where the Mayor presented the king with the keys of the city on a silken cushion.

But the greatest and last day of the Carnival is Tuesday—Mardi Gras. It is a legal holiday, and the spirit of the day permeates into every home and into every heart. Long before noon the streets begin to fill with a motley crowd, and soon there is such a crush on the main thoroughfares that progress is made with the greatest difficulty, and only with the exercise of a great amount of patience. Not until you get into the vortex do you realize that you could be so patient. The promiscuous maskers are an essential feature of this current of humanity. Garbed in the most fantastic costumes, with their faces hidden by grotesque masks, they flit here and there, greeting an acquaintance now and then, who tries to identify them, or indulging in some innocent pleasantry with a passer-by.

Toward one o'clock the pageant of Rex makes its appearance. Its coming is heralded with the same scenes and incidents that prelude all parades. Following the platoon of police and the band is the car bearing his Merry Majesty, arrayed in the royal robes of state, crowned and sceptred, and receiving the obeisance of his loyal subjects. Then was unfolded the illustrations of "The Human Passions and Characteristics": Riches, Venture, Indulgence, Art, Religion, Poetry, Love, Ambition, Hope, Sentiment, Jealousy, Folly, Contentment, Indolence—all were portrayed in beautiful allegorical pictures, animated and artistic, each true to the subject.

Then came the merry round of sightseeing, until dinner time, and then the preparations for the view of the last parade and the two balls. Comus, the oldest of the Carnival organizations, which made its bow in 1857, and has ever maintained its hold upon the hearts of the populace, presented

a fine pageant, whose subject, while classic in a measure, was not beyond the ken of the populace of this opera-loving city. The grand operas are as well known here as the popular dramas are in other cities, so when the merry god of revelry presented "Selections from the Operas," in moving tableaux, they met the popular fancy instantly. "L'Africaine," "Carmen," "La Reine de Saba," "Aida," "Samson and Delilah," "La Juive," "Faust," "Tannhauser," "Les Huguenots," "Norma," and a few others less well known, were depicted by striking scenes from each. The costumes and stage settings were all faithful. When the last car had passed the crowds began to head for the balls. The Rex ball was at the Washington Artillery Hall, the largest in the city. There at one end was the throne, on which was seated his Majesty and his consort. On seats beside them were the maids of honor and gentlemen in waiting. The royal couple held a levee, the guests walking up to the throne, bowing, and passing on.

The honor of being King of the Carnival this year fell to Alfred Hennen Morris, who is as well known in New York as he is in New Orleans. He and his brother, David Hennen Morris, who married Elliot F. Shepard's daughter, inherited a large fortune from their father, John A. Morris, who built the Morris Park racecourse at Westchester. His queen was Miss Bessie Merrick, a winsome and sweet young woman, a granddaughter of Hon. E. T. Merrick, at one time Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of Louisiana. She played the royal rôle to perfection. Among her maids were Miss Pauline Menge, who reigned as queen of Proteus in 1899; Miss Pearl Davis, Miss Sarah Hall, and Miss Caroline Merrick. About midnight Rex and his queen entered carriages, and were driven to the Comus ball at the French Opera House, where they occupied the royal box for an hour or two. And with the last strains of the soft, sweet music playing "Home, Sweet Home," so ended the Carnival of 1901, the grandest in the history of the Crescent City.



PICTURES BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER, JAMES H. HARE



FRANCIS B. LOOMIS, UNITED STATES  
MINISTER TO VENEZUELA

VENEZUELAN "REGULARS" IN FRONT OF THE BARRACK, CARACAS

LOUIS GOLDSMID, UNITED STATES  
CONSUL AT LA GUAYRA

## WHAT IS GOING ON IN VENEZUELA

BY GUY H. SCULL, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY, WHO, WITH JAMES H. HARE, STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER, WAS DESPATCHED TO SOUTH AMERICA TO DESCRIBE THE COUNTRY AND REPORT THE EXISTING CONDITION OF AFFAIRS CONSEQUENT UPON THE ASPHALT CONTROVERSY

(SEE PHOTOGRAPHS ON DOUBLE PAGE)

THERE IS NO republican government in Venezuela. A military dictatorship stands in the place of such a government. President Castro is the dictator—he signs himself supreme chief of the republic, but he has never been elected to office—and the dictator arranges all things for himself. During the early part of Andrade's administration, President Castro, who was then in the position of a local politician "up the State," and who had given valuable assistance in placing Andrade in office, came to Caracas to receive a just reward for his services. President Andrade refused to comply with Castro's demand for a public appointment, whereupon Castro strode into the centre of the Plaza Bolívar, and, flourishing his hat above his head, proclaimed to the assembled people that he was then going away, but that before a year had passed he would return as President of Venezuela. He had declared to the people that he would do this thing, and he did it. In October, 1899, Castro entered the capital at the head of a victorious army of revolutionists, and, having ousted Andrade from the Yellow House, assumed complete control of the government.

### THE ASPHALT MIX-UP

All things are unstable in this land. A guarantee may hold good so long as the existing administration is in power. But how long will that administration remain in office? The most uncertain of all is the man who sits in the President's chair. According to the unwritten law regarding the length of the Presidential term, President Castro had little time to lose in gathering in his reward for the time, funds and trouble which he had expended on his revolution. The asphalt lake at Guanoco had been carefully developed, and the Venezuelans were beginning to recognize its value. The tax on the exported asphalt was two bolivars (40 cents) on the ton. In the long run this tax would amount to a substantial revenue. But how long could the administration count on being in power? During the fifteen months of his dictatorship, President Castro has devoted considerable time and attention to the New York and Bermudez Company.

The story of the first concession of this lake and its subsequent history may be taken as a fair example of the usual method of procedure here in such cases. About twenty years ago a man named Hamilton came to this country. He was presentable in appearance, of quick intelligence, and glib of speech, and he gained the favor of President Guzman Blanco. He was given by executive decree the exclusive rights to all mineral and other natural products in the State of Bermudez for twenty-five years. This decree was later ratified by an act of Congress. When Hamilton discovered the existence of the asphalt lake near Guanoco, he sold his concession to the New York and Bermudez Company.

Operations on this lake were carried on by the company unmolested until 1897, when the first signs of the trouble appeared by certain Venezuelans filing claims for parts of the property. Thereupon the company bought in fee simple all the land surrounding the lake. On January 4 of the next year the government annulled the Hamilton concession, but recognized the rights of the company as proprietors of the lake. When the affair was brought to the High Court the case was decided against the government, and the Hamilton concession declared valid. Thus the company had legal rights to the lake both by the concession and by their proprietorship.

After Castro had made himself dictator, his Minister of Progress conceded to Guerra Marcano, a Venezuelan, a definite title to a large slice of the lake known as the Felicidad mine, and also to another part of the lake known as the Venezuelan mine. These two mines comprise about five-sixths of the entire lake. Mr. Sullivan of the Warner, Quintan, and Sullivan Company purchased the Felicidad mine for forty thousand dollars without a guarantee of title from Marcano.

Thus on the surface the present difficulties appear to be nothing more than a dispute over the title to a part of the lake carried on between two American companies. But the man who sold the mine to Sullivan had received his title from the government. The concession was given to Marcano in total disregard of both the New York and Bermudez Company's rights as proprietors and the decision of the High Court in '98. And the Venezuelan mine is also for sale. The government will guarantee the title. What were the reasons which prompted the Minister of Progress to give these concessions? Just this, President Castro is dictator in the land.

### DICTATOR CASTRO'S HUMOROUS WAYS

"And if any affair is brought to the court?" said an old gentleman, speaking in a low voice and in broken English. "I will tell you a story of the court. In a trial not long ago a judge on the supreme bench became too independent. As he left the court-room he was arrested and put in prison. You

understand, he was not told why he was arrested. They simply took him to prison, where they kept him for ten days and then let him go. President Castro met the judge as he entered the court-house.

"Have you been away?" asked the President. "I have not seen you about here these last few days."

"Yes. I have been away."

"Did you gain good health on your journey?"

"Yes, good health."

"Did you acquire any valuable knowledge?"

"Yes, also some knowledge."

"And you know now who is master here?"

"Yes. I know that now."

"Very well," concluded the President, "you may resume your seat on the bench."

"And you can also see who is master here," added the old gentleman, using the pretext of wiping his spectacles to bend closer. "It is our friend Castro who is dictator— But still, it may not always be so."

The controversy over the asphalt lake was sufficiently entangled to begin with, but, of course, a revolution must break out to further complicate affairs—and this uprising has occurred in the near neighborhood of the asphalt lake. The government has threatened to dispossess the New York and Bermudez Company, the revolution is against the government, whereby, for the time being at least, the government troops have plenty of work on hand, and the people who comprise the revolutionary forces are hostile to the asphalt company. As to what will be the exact outcome of such a situation it is impossible to say. The problem of the revolution must solve itself according to the erratic customs of this country. Meanwhile no other information comes to Caracas from the uprising other than that carried by word of mouth. All kinds of rumors are being circulated through the town—after dark—and, of course, they receive but little attention.

The relationship between the people and the government may be likened to the attitude which the small boys bear to the firecracker with a defective fuse. The fuse has been lighted, has sputtered, and the spark has disappeared. The small boys stand motionless at a respectful distance. There is a tense stillness over all, while each one wonders how soon will the firecracker explode. The chief talk here concerns itself with revolutions. But the talk is spoken at night or under cover; revolutions are never mentioned in the open daylight. And from the outside, as if stretching languidly beneath the warm southern sunshine, the country seems wonderfully contented with itself, and at peace.

### OVER THE HILLS TO CARACAS

A great stillness overhung the sea when the S. S. *Maracibo* plowed through the last waters of the Caribbean, and in the light of a shining sun raised far ahead a high range of mountains which was known as the northern coast line of Venezuela. The night had already come when the vessel, at half steam ahead, glided past the red light at the end of the breakwater at La Guayra.

From La Guayra, over the mountain range, a railway runs to Caracas—a railway which has never had an accident. You are first informed of this by a man with white hair, white cap, and white linen suit, who stands in the bright sunlight on the stone pier as you land. You are told the same by the custom-house interpreter, who is an army officer and has neglected to shave; by the driver of a rickety carriage; by the poorly clad gentleman who wants a tip because he told you; and the negro porter, who carries your trunk on his head and a somebody else's parcel in his free hand, says, "No smash-up—never—the engine."

After a couple of hours or so of swinging curves and grades you could look back at the rear side of the mountain range. Then suddenly the train glided past some kind of factory, with a few stray goats grazing on the sunburned grass about the walls. Then a row of dirty huts with tiled roofs went by; then a series of sidings, where a few empty cars stood in the sunlight; then the train stopped.

"This is Caracas," said a gentleman sitting nearby.

On first entering the town the stranger might wonder why Caracas had been built where it stands. There is no particular reason why it should not have been built there; nor any apparent reasons why the founders should have chosen that site. Perhaps, as I heard it said, it had been placed "underneath that star."

All roads in Caracas take their beginning from the Plaza Bolívar. You inquire of the hotel proprietor which is the way to the Capitol.

"Go to the Plaza Bolívar," he says, "cross over and then turn to your left."

You ask the shopkeeper how to find the Pantheon.

"At the end of this street you will come to the Plaza Bolívar," answers the shopkeeper. "Then turn to your right, walk past the streets and you are arrived."

Thus it is with all given directions in Caracas. No matter where you are, no matter where you wish to go, it is judged always to be the wisest plan to walk first to the Plaza Bolívar, and then make a fresh start from there.

This plaza, an open park in the very centre of the city where there are trees and richly colored grass, affords a strong contrast to the narrow, unclean streets, the blank doorways, the white and barren walls, the fierce sunlight and the heated smells; and in the plaza stands a statue of the patriot Bolívar himself, seated on a rearing stallion, his bared head turned one side toward an imaginary multitude, and with just such an expression on his face as who should say, "Well, what of it?"

When viewed from one of the surrounding hills the town appears flat and close to the ground—just a level stretch of brown-tinted roofs, broken only here and there by the domes on the opera-house and the Capitol, and the spires of the several churches, but toward where the mountains begin to rise again are situated the summer dwellings of some of the more influential Venezuelans. Mr. Loomis, the United States Minister, resides in one of these—an old Spanish villa formerly owned by the Count de Toro—where there are lawns and tropical gardens and an avenue of royal palms.

The city needs a new coat of paint. Even the walls of the Capitol are badly blistered. Those houses where attempts have been made to relieve the glaring whiteness of the predominant stucco walls have been painted in light colors, which have faded—faded brown, faded green, and faded pink. It is a pale city which lies half asleep in the strong sunlight. A certain period is remembered here during which the streets were well paved. If when out driving at home you come to a place where the road is being repaired, you know how the carriage bumps and sways. That is a slight exaggeration of the general condition of these streets at present. The open market, which is held every morning, is chiefly composed of people, vegetables and flies. The vendors arrange their vegetables in little piles in the street; the flies arrange themselves on the vegetables. If a vendor sells some onions he picks them from his stock on the ground, thereby disturbing that particular mass of flies, which rise up with a quick swish and buzzing. There are flies around the basket of hard-boiled eggs, which are eaten on the spot; a fringe of flies about the puddle of milk that has been spilled on the sidewalk; flies crawling over the body of the cur terrier asleep in the shade of an old box. The earthquake shock of last October may account in part for the worn-out appearance of the town; but the earthquake has nothing to do with the vegetables and the flies.

When night came all this was changed. The air became cool like a summer evening on the eastern coast at home when the wind blows fresh from the sea. A round moon lifted clear above the crest of the mountain range. Because it was Sunday evening the military band played in the Plaza Bolívar, and the people gathered there to listen. Some of them hired chairs, which were used in the place of benches; most of them wandered slowly up and down.

### REVOLUTIONS THE CHIEF RECREATION IN VENEZUELA

In a neighboring seat at a neighboring table sat a man who knew the nature of this land. He spoke of revolutions. "Trouble may break out right here in the capital to-morrow. Yet it may take months before the revolution is strong enough to come here. They have failed to hold Carupano. And they must capture some port to get arms from outside."

The band had stopped playing. The people were leaving the plaza. Although by this time the café was almost deserted, the man never raised his voice above the level tone in which he had begun to speak. He could barely be heard across the small table, and he was bending over so that a button on his coat clicked constantly against the rim of his beer glass. Then the man continued to tell of former troubles; of the time when Puerto Cabello was attacked at night, and when the sun rose three hundred men were seen lying dead; spoke of the way in which a revolution gathered power; told of the battle between Castro and Andrade, when the generals of the latter had been bought by Castro, and, instead of charging, as they were ordered to do, they retreated. The bartender began putting up the shutters to cover the rows of bottles. The empty glasses were collected and rinsed behind the bar.

"Castro—the little monkey," said the man. "He also won't last long. None of them last long. But the revolutionists, they don't know what they want. They want a change, they know that. Yet the next man will be just as bad as Castro. A President is only in office a short while, and of course he takes what he can get. You would say that there is no hope for this country. Another man may come in to-morrow. It will be just the same. To-day our Castro is in power. You cannot stop him, for Castro is dictator."



# THE ETERNAL CITY

By HALL CAINE Author of "The Deemster," "The Manxman,"  
"The Christian," Etc., Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

David Leone, a little Italian street musician, is taken into the house of a charitable compatriot, exiled for conspiracy and living in London under an assumed name, being in reality a Prince Volonna. He has an infant daughter, whom twenty years later we see in Rome, famous for her beauty and extravagance, and supposed to have a scandalous connection with Baron Bonanno, Italy's autocratic Prime Minister. This girl, Donna Roma, is much struck by the appearance of one David Rossi, an anarchist member of Parliament, who however angers her by making an allusion to herself and the baron in a public speech. Having recognized David Leone in the anarchist, and knowing of his early associations, she determines to get him entangled in a serious conspiracy. Charles Minghetti, a discredited member of the Italian embassy in London, comes to Rossi, stating himself deputed by the London anarchists to propose the assassination of Baron Bonanno. But Rossi, who belongs to a brotherhood with peaceful methods, indignantly upbraids the tempter, and when he casts aspersions on Donna Roma, turns him out. It transpires that Prince Volonna had been back in Italy and again banished, to Elba. Rossi discourses with his friends, Bruno and his wife, on marriage, the love of women and politics, and amuses their little son Joseph with his phonograph. Rossi begins to suspect that Donna Roma is, in reality, the daughter of his old patron, Prince Volonna.

## VI—(Continued)



THE HEAVENS declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork."

David Rossi uttered these words aloud, but he tried in vain to get some of the calmness of the night into his soul. Before his eyes there passed, as before, the shifting and unsubstantial scroll of memory. He was back in London again, and under the great glass roof of a railway station, amid the choking smoke of the engines and the deafening scream of the steam whistles, he was saying "Good-by" to an old man with a patriarchal beard. "Good-by, my son! I will write to you in good time, and then I shall have something to say which may perhaps surprise you. Good-by, and God bless you." And then silence, a face blotted out, a voice buried in a house of bondage, which closed its doors on a living man and opened them only to put out a corpse.

Stay! In the scroll of memory there was one other picture. Rome once more, and an ex-prisoner from Elba finding him out in the House of Deputies. "I bring you a dying man's message," he said, and then put into his hand a little cardboard box. "He lived at large, and had a garden in which he grew flowers for the children, but he was forbidden to write letters, and the post was watched." The box contained a cylinder for the phonograph, and bore this inscription: "For the hands of D. L. only—to be destroyed if Deputy David Rossi does not know where to find him."

The Tiber below was running over its bed of mud with a turbulence that was like the tumult in David Rossi's mind, tolling in darkness and tormented by doubts, and the formless things sweeping down with the tide were like the apparitions of fear which he could not bring himself to challenge. But just then the church clock struck eight, and he thought he heard a voice saying:

"Have courage! Dive to the bottom of this mystery! Heaven is over all!"

As David Rossi returned to the house, Elena, who was undressing the boy, saw a haggard look in his eyes, but Bruno, who was reading his evening journal, saw nothing, and cried out:

"Hello! Listen to this, sir. It's Olga. She's got a pen, I can tell you. 'Madame de Pompadour. Hitherto we have had the pleasure of having Madame —, whose pressure on the state and on Italy's wise counsellors was only incidental, but now that the Fates have given us a Madame Pompadour. . . . Then there's a leading article on your speech in the piazza. Praises you up to the skies. Look! 'Thank God we have men like the Honorable Rossi, who at the risk of . . .'"

But with a clouded brow David Rossi turned away from him and passed into the sitting-room, and Bruno looked around in blank bewilderment.

"Shall you want the lamp, sir?" said Elena.

"Not yet, thank you," he answered through the open door.

The wood fire was glowing on the hearth, and in the acute state of his nerves he shuddered involuntarily as its reflection in the window opposite looked back at him like a fiery eye. He opened the case of the phonograph, which had been returned to its place on the piano, and then from a drawer in the bureau he took a small cardboard box. The wood in the fire flickered at that moment and started some ghostly shadows on the ceiling, but he drew a cylinder from the box and slid it on to the barrel of the phonograph. Then he stepped to the door, shut and locked it.

## VII

"Well!" said Bruno. "If that isn't enough to make a man feel as small as a sardine!"

There was only one thing to do, but to conceal the nature of it Bruno flourished the newspaper and said:

"Elena, I must go down to the lodge and read these articles to your father. Poor Donna Roma, she'll have to fly, I'm afraid. By-by, Garibaldi-Mazzini! Early to bed, early to rise, and time enough to grow old, you know! . . . As for Mr. Rossi, he might be a sinner and a criminal instead of the hero of the hour! It ticks me to little bits." And Bruno carried his dark mystery down to the café to see if it might be dispelled by a litre of autumnal light from sunny vineyards.

Meantime, Joseph, being very tired, was shooting out a pettish lip because he had to go to bed without saying good-night to Uncle David, and his mother, making terms with this pretence, consented to bring his nightdress down to him instead of taking his little body up to it, thinking David Rossi might be out of the sitting-room by that time, and the boy be pacified. But when she returned to the dining-room the sitting-room door was still closed, and Joseph was pleading to be allowed to lie on the sofa until Uncle David carried him to bed, and after various promises that he would not sleep he was permitted to lie down in his nightdress with his day-clothes scattered over him. All went well for thirty seconds, and then the little curly poll on the cushion gave undoubted signs of vanquishment in the great battle of all childlike natures with the mighty monster sleep.

"I'm not asleep, mamma," came in a drowsy voice from the sofa, but almost at the same moment the measured breath slowed down, the little watch-lights blinked themselves out, and the little soul slid away into the darksome kingdom of unconsciousness.

A mother's joy is like a child's, and Elena laughed to herself as she sat on the other end of the sofa and took up the little man's garments and smelled them one by one, and then turned out his pockets and noted their wonderful contents—a cork, a pebble, a broken button, and a rusty nail.

Suddenly, in the silence of the room, she was startled by a

voice. It came from the sitting-room. Was it Mr. Rossi's voice? No! The voice was older and feebler than Mr. Rossi's, and less clear and distinct. Could it be possible that somebody was with him? If so, the visitor must have arrived while she was in the bedroom above. But why had she not heard the knock? How did it occur that Joseph had not told her? And then the lamp was still on the dining-room table, and, save for the firelight, the sitting-room must be dark.

A chill began to run through her blood, and she tried to hear what was said, but the voice was muffled by its passage through the wall, and she could only catch a word or two. Presently the strange voice, without stopping, was broken in upon by a voice that was clear and familiar, but now faltering with the note of pain. "I swear to God I will!"

That was Mr. Rossi's voice, and Elena's head began to go round. Whom was he speaking to? Who was speaking to him? He went into the room alone, he was sitting in the dark, and yet there were two voices.

At that moment little Joseph cried in his sleep, and after she had put him to lie on his side, and comforted him and he was quiet, she listened again, but all was still. In the blank silence she was beginning to tell herself that she too had dozed off and been dreaming, when the nightmare came again, first in the sound of David Rossi's long slow step on the thin carpet over the tiled floor, and then in a certain whizzing noise, which was followed after a moment by the same strange voice.

A light dawned on her, and she could have laughed. What had terrified her as a sort of supernatural thing was only the phonograph! But after a moment a fresh tremor struck upon her in the great agony of the exclamations with which David Rossi broke in upon the voice that was being reproduced by the machine. She could hear his words distinctly, and he was in great trouble. Hardly knowing what she did, she crept up to the door and listened. Even then, she could only follow the strange voice in passages, which were broken and submerged by the whirring of the phonograph like the flight of a sea-bird which dips at intervals and leaves nothing but the wash of the wave.

"David," said the voice, "when this shall come to your hands . . . in my great distress of mind . . . do not trifle with my request . . . but whatever you decide to do . . . be gentle with the child . . . remember that . . . Adieu, my son . . . the end is near . . . if death does not annihilate . . . those who remain on earth . . . a helper and advocate in heaven. . . . Adieu!" And interrupting these broken words were half-smothered cries and sobs from David Rossi, repeating again and again: "I will! I swear to God I will!"

Elena could bear the pain no longer, and mustering up her courage, she tapped at the door. It was a gentle tap, and no answer was returned. She knocked louder, and then an angry voice said:

"Who's there?"

"It's I—Elena," she answered timidly. "Is anything the matter? Aren't you well, sir?"

"Ah, yes," came back in a calmer voice, and after a shuffling sound as of the closing of drawers, David Rossi opened the door and came out.

As he crossed the threshold he cast a backward glance into the dark room, as if he feared that some invisible hand would touch him on the shoulder. His face was pale and beads of perspiration stood on his forehead, but he smiled and in a voice that was a little hoarse, yet fairly under control, he said:

"I'm afraid I've frightened you, Elena."

"You are not well, sir. Sit down, and let me run for some cognac."

"No! It's nothing! Only . . ."

"Take this glass of water, sir."

"That's good! I'm better now, and I'm ashamed. Elena, you mustn't think any more of this, and whatever I may do in the future that seems to you to be strange, you must promise me never to mention it."

"I needn't promise you that, sir," said Elena.



"Bruno is a brave, bright, loyal soul, Elena, but there are times—"

"I know—and I'll never mention it to anybody. But you've taken a chill on the roof at sunset looking at the illuminations—that's all it is! The nights are frosty now, and I was to blame that I didn't send out your cloak."

And Elena thought, "I'll give two big candles to the Madonna at St. Augustino's, and she'll save him from the fever."

Then she tried to be cheerful, and turning to the sleeping boy, said:

"Look! He was naughty again, and wouldn't go to bed until you came out to carry him."

"The dear little man!" said David Rossi. He stepped up to the couch, but his pale face was preoccupied, and he looked at Elena again and said:

"Where does Donna Roma live?"

"Trinità dei Monti—eighteen," said Elena.

"Is it late?"

"It must be half-past eight at least, sir."

"We'll take Joseph to bed then."

He was putting his arms about the boy to lift him when a slippery-sloppy step was heard on the stairs, followed by a hurried knock at the door.

It was the old Garibaldian porter, breathless, foreheaded, and in his slippers.

"Father!" cried Elena.

"It's she. She's coming up."

At the next moment a lady in evening dress was standing in the hall. It was Donna Roma. She had unclasped her ermine cloak, and her bosom was heaving with the exertion of the ascent.

"May I speak to Mr. Rossi?" she began, and then looking beyond Elena and seeing him, where he stood above the sleeping child, a quail of faintness seemed to seize her, and she closed her eyes for a moment.

David Rossi's face flushed to the roots of his hair, but he stepped forward, bowed deeply, led the way to the sitting-room, and, with a certain incoherence in his speech, said:

"Come in! Elena will bring the lamp. I shall be back presently."

Then lifting little Joseph in his arms, he carried him up to bed, tucked him in his cot, smoothed his pillow, made the sign of the cross over his forehead, and came back to the sitting-room with the air of a man who was walking in a dream.

### VIII

As Roma climbed the stairs to David Rossi's rooms, the conflicting thoughts which had wriggled within like a knot of Egyptian vipers when she said to the Baron, "I could kill him," were tormenting her again. But when she reached the open door, and saw the man himself standing above the sleeping child, she had a sensation like that which came to

her at the first sound of his voice—a sense of having seen the picture before somewhere, in some other existence perhaps—and this opening of an unnamed cell in her memory made her dizzy and faint.

Then came David Rossi with his confused speech and manners, followed by the timid woman with the lamp (Bruno's wife, no doubt); and the moment she entered the sitting-room she felt that she had regained her composure.

Being left alone, she looked around, and in a glance she took in everything—the thin carpet, the plain chintz, the prints, the incongruous furniture. She saw the phonograph on the piano, still standing open, with a cylinder exposed, and in the interval of waiting she felt almost tempted to touch the spring. She saw herself, too, in the mirror above the mantel-piece, with her glossy black hair rolled up like a tower, from which one curly lock escaped on to her forehead, and with the ermine cloak on her shoulders over the white silk muslin which clung to her full and lovely figure.

Then she heard David Rossi's footstep returning, and though she was now completely self-possessed she was conscious of a certain shiver of fear, such as an actress feels in her dressing-room at the tuning-up of the orchestra. Her back was to the door and she heard the whirl of her skirt as he entered, and then he was before her, and they were alone.

He was looking at her out of large, pensive, wonderful eyes, and she saw him pass his hand over them and then bow profoundly and motion her to a seat, and go to the mantel-piece and lean on it. She was tingling all over, and a certain glow was going up to her face, but when she spoke she was mistress of herself, and her voice was soft and natural.

"I am doing a very unusual thing in coming to see you," she said, "but you have forced me to it, and I am quite helpless."

A faint sound came from him, and she was aware that he was leaning forward to see her face, so she dropped her eyes, partly to let him look at her, and partly to avoid his gaze.

"I heard your speech in the Piazza this morning. It would be useless to disguise the fact that some of its references were meant for me."

He did not speak, and she played with the glove in her lap, and continued in the same soft voice:

"If I were a man I suppose I should challenge you. Being a woman I can only come to you and tell you that you are wrong."

"Wrong?"

"Crucially, terribly, shamefully wrong."

"You mean to tell me . . ."

He was stammering in a husky voice, but she said quite calmly:

"I mean to tell you that in substance and in fact what you said and implied was false."

There was a dry glitter of hatred and repulsion in her eyes which she tried to subdue, for she knew that he was looking at her still.

"If . . . if . . ." his voice was thick and indistinct, "if you tell me that I have done you an injury. . . ."

"You have—a terrible injury."

She could hear his breathing, but she dared not look up, lest he should see something in her face.

"Perhaps you think it strange," she said, "that I should ask you to accept my assurance only. But though you have done me a great wrong I believe you will accept it. Even your enemies speak of you as a just man. You are known everywhere as a defender of women. Wherever a woman is wronged by cruel and selfish men there your name rings out as her friend and champion. Shall it be said that in your own person you have made an innocent woman suffer?"

"If . . . if you give me your solemn word of honor that what I said—what I implied—was false, that rumor and report have slandered you, that it is all a cruel and baseless calumny—"

She raised her head, looked him full in the face, and without a quiver in her voice:

"I do give it," she said.

"Then I believe you," he answered. "With all my heart and soul I believe you."

He had been thinking, "It is she! The sweetness of childhood and of girlish innocence a little faded, a little depraved, a little changed, but it is she!"

"This man is a child," she thought. "He will believe anything I tell him." And then she dropped her eyes again, and turning with her thumb an opal ring on her finger, she began to use the blandishments which had never failed with other men.

"I do not say that I am altogether without blame," she said. "I may have lived a thoughtless life amid scenes of poverty and sorrow. If so, perhaps it has been partly the fault of the men about me. When is a woman anything but what the men around have made her?"

She dropped her voice almost to a whisper, and added, "You are the first man who has not praised and flattered me."

"I was not thinking of you," he said. "I was thinking of another, and perhaps of the poor working women who, in the midst of luxury, have to struggle and starve."

She looked up, and a half-smile crossed her face. It was like the smile of the bird-catcher, when the bird in the tree answers to the decoy in the grass.

"I honor you for that," she said. "And perhaps if I had earlier met a man like you my life might have been different. I used to hope for such things long ago—that a man of high aims and noble purposes would come to me at the gate of life. Perhaps you have felt like that—that some woman, strong and true, would stand beside you for good or for ill, in your hour of danger and your hour of joy?"

Her voice was not quite steady—she hardly knew why.

"A dream! We all have our dreams," he said.

"A dream indeed! Men came—he was not among them. They pampered every wish, indulged every folly, loaded me



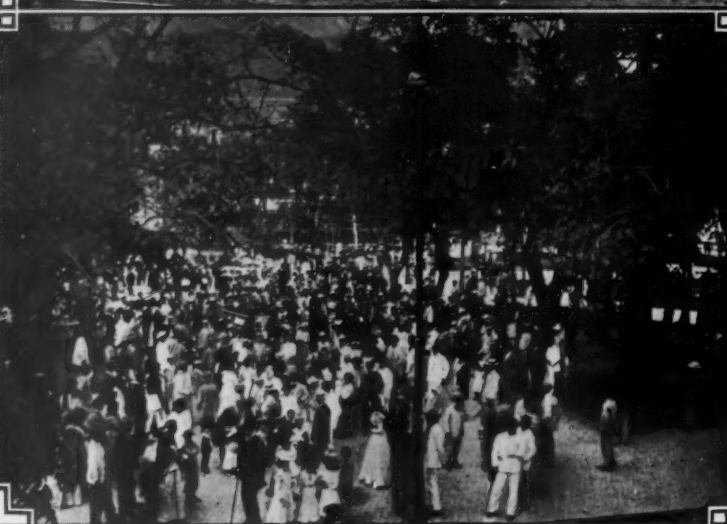
HE HAD LIFTED HER HAND TO HIS LIPS AND WAS KISSING IT



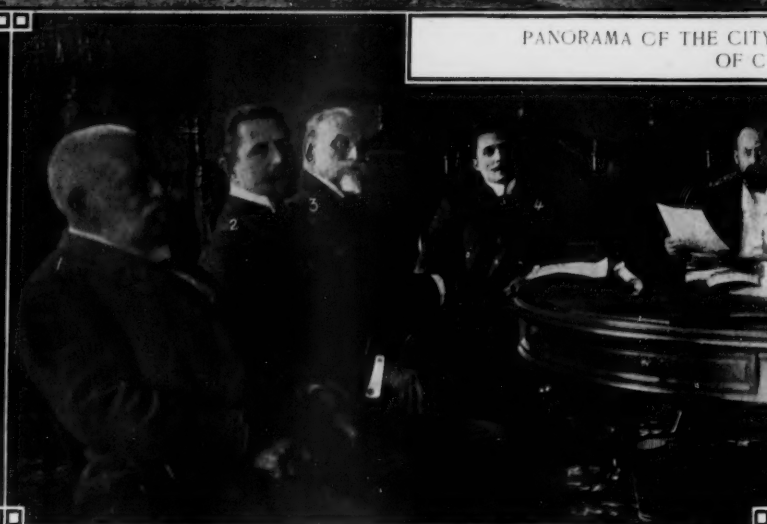
PANORAMA OF THE CITY OF VENEZUELA



PANORAMA OF THE CITY OF C



PLAZA BOLIVAR, CARACAS, WHEN THE BAND PLAYS ON SATURDAY AFTERNOON



PRESIDENT CASTRO AND CABINET.—1. JOSE PULIDO (WAR). 2. RAMON 4. CABRERA MALO (STATE). 5. CIPRIANO CASTRO. 6. JULIO CAR- 8. JUAN OTANEZ (PUBLIC WORKS).



A MARKET STREET IN CARACAS DURING "BUSINESS HOURS"



VENEZUELAN TROOPS, WHO HAVE JUST ARRIVED

# THE CAPITAL AND SEAPORT OF VENEZUELA

PICTURES BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHERS





VIEW OF THE CITY OF CARACAS, CAPITAL OF VENEZUELA



VIEW OF THE CITY OF LA GUAYRA, SEAPORT OF CARACAS



1. RAMON AYALA (DEVELOPMENT). 2. RAMON AYALA (DEVELOPMENT). 3. EDUARDO BLANCO (FOREIGN AFFAIRS). 4. MENDOZA (CUSTOMS). 5. FELIX QUINTERO (PUBLIC INSTRUCTION). 6. DENAS (SECRETARY). 7. FELIX QUINTERO (PUBLIC INSTRUCTION). 8. MENDOZA (CUSTOMS). 9. RAMON AYALA (DEVELOPMENT).



MARKET SCENE IN CARACAS, SHOWING HUMBOLDT'S SUN DIAL ON PILLAR



JUST ARRIVED FROM THE INTERIOR, IN FATIGUE UNIFORM



MAIN ENTRANCE TO PRESIDENT CASTRO'S RESIDENCE IN CARACAS

# VENEZUELA, THE COUNTRY OF THE ASPHALT TANGLE

OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER JAMES H. HARE

with luxuries, but my dream was dispelled. I respected few of them and revered none. They were my pastime, my playthings. And they have revenged themselves by saying in secret . . . what you said in public this morning."

He was looking at her constantly with his great wistful eyes, the eyes of a child, and through all the joy of her success she was conscious of a spasm of pain at the expression of his sad face and the sound of his tremulous voice.

"We men are much to blame," he said. "In the battle of man with man we deal out blows and think we are fighting fair, but we forget that behind our foe there is often a woman—a wife, a mother, a sister, a friend—and, God forgive us, we have struck her, too."

The half-smile that had gleamed on Roma's face was wiped out of it by these words, and an emotion she did not understand began to surge in her throat.

"You speak of poor women who struggle and starve," she said. "Would it surprise you to hear that I know what it is to do that? Yes, and to be friendless and alone—quite, quite alone in a cruel and wicked city."

She had lost herself for a moment, and the dry glitter in her eyes had given way to a certain moistness and a solemn expression. But at the next instant she had regained her self-control, and went on speaking to avoid a painful silence.

"I have never spoken, of this to any other man," she said. "I don't know why I should mention it to you—to you of all men."

He found no treachery in her fascinations. He only saw his little Roma, the child who lived in her still, her innocent sister who lay sleeping within.

She had risen to her feet, and he stepped up to her, and looking straight into her eyes, he said:

"Have you ever seen me before?"

"Never," she answered.

"Sit down," he said. "I have something to say to you." She sat down, and a peculiar expression, almost a crafty one, came into her face.

"You have told me a little of your life," he said. "Let me tell you something of mine."

She smiled again, and it was with difficulty that she concealed the glow of triumph in her cheeks. These big children called men were almost to be pitied. She had expected a fight, but the man had thrown up the sponge from the outset, and now he was going to give himself into her hands. Only for that pathetic look in his eyes and that searching tone in his voice she could have found it in her heart to laugh.

She let her cape drop back from her shoulders, revealing her round bust and swanlike arms, and crossing one leg over the other she displayed the edge of a lace skirt and the point of a red slipper. Then she coughed a little behind a perfumed lace handkerchief and prepared to listen.

"You are the daughter of an ancient family," he said, "older than the house it lived in, and prouder than a line of kings. And whatever sorrows you may have seen you knew what it was to have a mother who nursed you and a father who loved you, and a home that was your own. Can you realize what it is to have known neither father nor mother, to be homeless, nameless, and alone?"

She looked up—a deep furrow had crossed his brow which she had not seen there before.

"Happy the child," he said, "though shame stands beside his cradle, who has one heart beating for him in a cruel world. That was not my case. I never knew my mother."

The mocking fire had died out of Roma's face, and she uncrossed her knees.

"My mother was the victim of a heartless man and a cruel law. She tied to her baby's wrist a paper on which she had written its father's name, placed it in the rota at the Foundling of Santo Spirito, and flung herself into the Tiber."

Roma drew the cape over her shoulders.

"She lies in a pauper's unnamed grave in the Campo Verano."

"Your mother?"

"Yes. My earliest memory is of being put out to nurse at a farmstead on the Campagna. It was the time of revolution, the treasury of the Pope was not yet replaced by the treasury of the King, the nuns at Santo Spirito had no money with which to pay their pensions, and I was like a child forsaken by its own, a fledgling in a foreign nest."

"Oh!"

"Those were the days when scoundrels established abroad traded in the white slavery of poor Italian boys. They scoured the country, gathered them up, put them in railway trucks like cattle, and despatched them to foreign countries. My foster parents parted with me for money, and I was sent to London."

Roma's bosom was heaving, and tears were gathering in her eyes.

"My next memory is of living in a large half-empty house in Solio—fifty foreign boys crowded together. The big ones were sent out into the streets with an organ, the little ones with a squirrel or a cage of white mice. We had a cup of tea and a piece of bread for breakfast, and were forbidden to return home until we had earned our supper. Then—then the winter days and nights in the cold northern climate, and the little southern boys with their organs and squirrels, shivering and starving in the darkness and the snow."

Roma's eyes were filling frankly, and she was allowing them to flow.

"Thank God I have another memory," he continued. "It is of a good man, a saint among men, an Italian refugee, giving his life to the poor, especially to the poor of his own people."

Roma's laboring breath seemed to be arrested at that moment.

"On several occasions he brought their masters to justice in the English courts, until, finding they were watched, they gradually became less cruel. He opened his house to the poor little fellows, and they came for light and warmth between nine and ten at night, bringing their organs with them. He taught them to read, and on Sunday evenings he talked to them of the lives of the great men of their country. He is dead, but his spirit is alive—alive in the souls he made to live."

Roma's eyes were blind with the tears that sprang to them, and her throat was choking, but she said:

"What was he?"

"A doctor."

"What was his name?"

David Rossi passed his hand over the furrow in his forehead, and answered:

"They called him Joseph Roselli."

Roma half rose from her seat, then sank back, and the lace handkerchief dropped from her hand.

"But I heard afterward—long afterward—that he was a Roman noble, one of the fearless few who had taken up poverty and exile and an unknown name for the sake of liberty and justice."

Roma's head had fallen into her bosom, which was heaving with an emotion she could not conceal.

"One day a letter came from Italy, telling him that a thousand men were waiting for him to lead them in an insurrection that was to dethrone an unrighteous king. It was the trick of a scoundrel who has since been paid the price of a hero's blood. I heard of this only lately—only to-night."

There was silence for a moment. David Rossi had put one arm over his eyes.

"Well?"

"He was enticed back from England to Italy; an English minister violated his correspondence with a friend, and communicated its contents to the Italian Government; he was betrayed into the hands of the police, and deported without trial."

Roma was clutching at the bodice of her dress as if to keep down a cry.

"Was he never heard of again?"

"Once—only once—by the friend I speak of."

Roma felt dizzy, as if she were coming near to some deep places; but she could not stop—something compelled her to go on.

"Who was the friend?" she asked.

"One of his poor waifs—a boy who owed everything to him, and loved and revered him as a father—loves and reveres him still, and tries to follow in the path he trod."

"What—what was his name?"

"David Leone."

She looked at him for a moment without being able to speak. Then she said:

"What happened to him?"

"The Italian courts condemned him to death, and the English police banished him from England."

"Then he has never been able to return to his own country?"

"He has never been able to visit his mother's grave except by secret and night, and as one who was perpetrating a crime."

"What became of him?"

"He went to America."

"Did he ever return?"

"Yes! Love of home in him, as in all homeless ones, was a consuming passion, and he came back to Italy."

"Where—where is he now?"

David Rossi stepped up to her, and said:

"In this room."

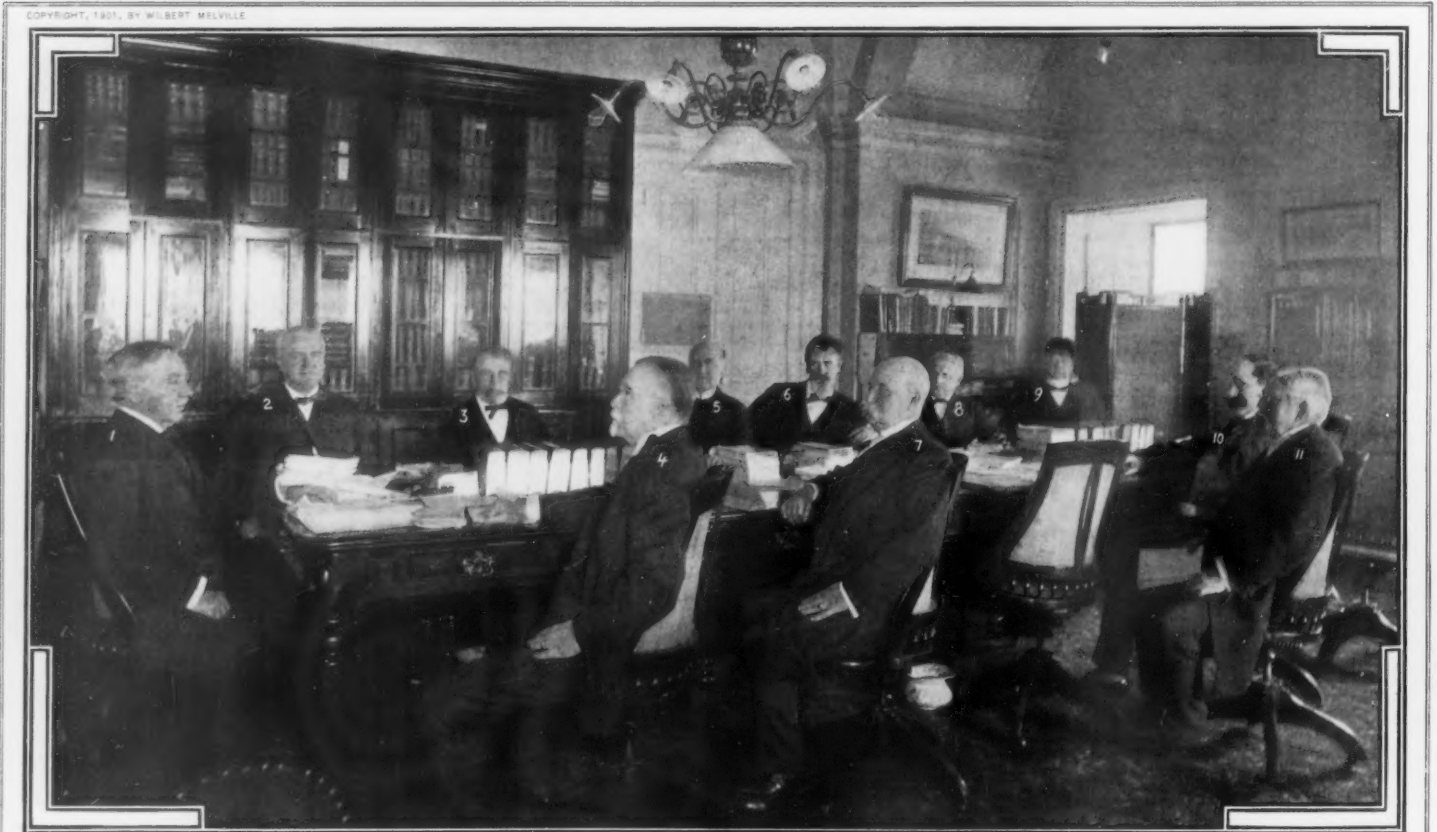
She rose—

"Then you are David Leone!"

He raised one hand:

"David Leone is dead!"

There was silence for a moment. She could hear the thump—



**THE SENATE COMMITTEE ON COMMERCE**—The Senate Committee on Commerce has received for some time more than its usual share of public attention because of its custody of the famous Ship Subsidy Bill, which has proved to be one of the most troublesome legacies of the last session of Congress. This is considered one of the most important, as it is the largest, of the Committees of the Upper House. It is composed of fifteen members, or four more than the Committee on Foreign Relations, and is supposed to be made up of the ablest leaders in the two political parties. Senator Frye (1), the Chairman, and Senators McMillan (4), Depew (5), Nelson (3), Elkins (2) and Gallinger (7) are among the most prominent men on the Republican side, while Senators Clay (9), Caffery (11), Martin (8) and Berry (6) are conspicuous figures in the opposition. Senator George Turner (10), of Washington, is a Fusionist, the only one in the Senate. Of the Republicans, Frye, Depew and Gallinger; and Clay and Caffery among the Democratic members of the Committee, come from coast States, especially interested in the development of shipping. The division of sentiment, however, has been generally on party lines. Senator Hanna is known as the father of the bill, although its ablest advocate has been Senator Frye. Senator Depew is also its strong supporter, while Senators Caffery of Louisiana and Clay of Georgia have most steadily opposed it. The measure made little headway last session, when it was introduced by Senator Hanna, but the President's message last December was construed as a direct indorsement of it and gave it a tremendous impetus. The Congress was urged to take "immediate action on measures to promote American shipping and foreign trade." The Senate Committee on Commerce has charge, also, of the important River and Harbor appropriation bill, always one of the great measures of the session.



ing of her heart. Then she said in an almost inaudible whisper:

"I understand. David Leone is dead, but David Rossi is alive."

He did not speak, but his head was held up and his face was shining.

"Are you not afraid to tell me this?"

"No."

Her eyes glistened and her lips quivered. "You insulted and humiliated me in public this morning, yet you think I will keep your secret?"

"I know you will."

She felt a sensation of swelling in her throbbing heart, and with a slow and nervous gesture she held out her hand.

"May I . . . may I shake hands with you?" she said.

There was a moment of hesitation, and then their hands seemed to leap at each other, and clasp with a clasp of fire.

At the next instant he had lifted her hand to his lips, and was kissing it again and again.

A sensation of triumphant joy flashed through her, and instantly died away. She wished to cry out, to confess, to say something, she knew not what. But David Leone is dead rang in her ears, and at the same moment she remembered what the impulse had been which brought her to that house.

Then her eyes began to swim and her heart to fail, and she wanted to fly away without uttering another word. She could not speak, he could not speak; they stood together on a precipice where only by silence they could hold their heads.

"Let me go home," she said in a breaking voice, and with downcast head and trembling limbs she stepped to the door.

## IX

Down to that moment David Rossi had thought of Roma only as the child he knew seventeen years before, as the daughter of Dr. Roselli, as his friend and foster sister. But he looked at her again as she passed him going to the door, and now for the first time he saw her, not as the boy sees the girl, but as the man sees the woman. How beautiful she had grown! And she was Roma! His Roma, whatever the barrier that had come between them! Something warm tingled through him at this thought, and looking at her with new eyes he was filled with a physical exultation which he had never felt before.

Reaching the door she stopped, as if reluctant to leave, and said in a voice still soft, but coming more from within:

"I wished to meet you face to face, but now that I have met you, you are not the man I thought you were."

"Nor you," he said, "the woman I pictured you."

A light came into her eyes at that, and she looked up and said:

"Then you had never seen me before?"

And he answered after a moment:

"I had never seen Donna Roma Volonna until to-day."

"Forgive me for coming to you," she said.

"I thank you for doing so," he replied, "and if I have sinned against you, from this hour onward I am your friend and champion. Let me try to right the wrong I have done you. I am ready to do it if I can, no matter at what self-abasement. I am eager to do it, and I shall never forgive myself until it is done. What I said was the result of a mistake—let me ask your forgiveness."

"You mean publicly?"

"Yes! At ten o'clock they send for my article for the morning's paper. To-morrow morning I will beg your pardon in public for the public insult I have offered you."

"You are very good, very brave," she said.

"Still . . ."

"Ah, I know! I know it is impossible to overtake a lie. Once started it goes on and on, like a stone rolling down hill, and even the man who started can never stop it. Tell me what better I can do—tell me! tell me!"

Her face was still down, but it had now a new expression of joy.

"There is one thing you can do, but it is difficult."

"No matter! Tell me what it is."

"I thought when I came here . . . but it is no matter."

"Tell me, I beg of you."

He was trying to look into her face again, and she was eluding his gaze as before, but now for another, a sweeter reason.

"I thought if—if you would come to my house when my friends are there, your presence as my guest, in the midst of those in whose eyes you have injured me, might be sufficient of itself to wipe out everything. But—"

She waited for his answer with a beating heart, but at first he did not speak, and pretending to put away the idea, she said:

"But that is impossible; I cannot ask it. I know what it would mean. Such people are pitiless—they have no mercy."

"Is that all?" he said.

"Then you are not afraid?"

"Afraid!"

For one moment they looked at each other, and their eyes were shining. She was proud of his power. This was no child after all, but a man; one who, for a woman's sake, could stand up against all the world.

"I have thought of something else," she said.

"What is it?"

"You have heard that I am a sculptor. I am making a fountain for the municipality, and if I might carve your face into it—"

"It would be coals of fire on my head."

"You would need to sit to me?"

"When shall it be?"

"To-morrow morning to begin with, if that is not too soon."

"It will be years on years till then," he said.

She bent her head and blushed. He tried again to look at her beaming eyes and golden complexion, and for sheer joy of being followed up she turned her face away.

"Forgive me if I have stayed too long," she said, making a feint of opening the door.

"I should have grudged every moment if you had gone sooner," he answered.

"I only wished that you should not think of me with hatred and bitterness."

"If I ever had such a feeling it is gone."

"Mine has gone too," she said softly, and again she prepared to go.

One hook of her cape had got entangled in the silk muslin at her shoulder, and while trying to free it she looked at him, and her look seemed to say, "Will you?" and his look replied "May I?" and at the physical touch a certain impalpable bridge seemed in an instant to cross the space that had divided them.

"Let me see you to the door?" he said, and her eyes said openly, "Will you?"

They walked down the staircase side by side, going step by step, and almost touching.

"I forgot to give you my address—eighteen Trinità dei Monti," she said.

"Eighteen Trinità dei Monti," he repeated.

They had reached the second story. "I am trying to remember," she said. "After all, I think I have seen you before somewhere."

"In a dream, perhaps," he answered.

"Yes," she said. "Perhaps in the dream I spoke about."

They had reached the street, and Roma's carriage, a hired coupé, stood waiting a few yards from the door.

They shook hands, and at the electric touch she raised her head and gave him in the darkness the look he had tried to take in the light.

"Until to-morrow then," she said.

"To-morrow morning," he replied.

"To-morrow morning," she repeated, and again in the eye-asking between them she seemed to say, "Come early, will you not?—there is still so much to say."

He looked at her with his shining eyes, and something of the boy came back to his world-worn face as he closed the carriage door.

"Adieu!"

"Adieu!"

She drew up the window, and as the carriage moved away she smiled and bowed through the glass.

He stood a moment where she had left him, bareheaded in the Piazza under the starlit sky, feeling as if the sun had ceased to shine, and then he turned to go indoors. Bruno in the café was singing a song against the government, and on a seat under an image of the Madonna with an oil lamp burning before it, a young man and a girl were reading their book of dreams. The old Garibaldian lay snoring on his sofa in the lodge, the stairs were silent, the dining-room was empty, and Elena was moving about on the floor above.

David Rossi went out on to the roof again. He had his ladder to write for the morning's journal, and he must try to fix his mind on it. Rome was humming on like a top that sings as it sleeps. The electric lights marked out the line of the Corso, and lay in broad sheets of moonlit splendor over the piazzas at either end, as if the city had been lighted up for a ball and then suddenly deserted. Soft, languishing shadows lay below, and the tremulous notes of a mandolin came from some unseen place, with a tenor voice which sang a love song in tones that quivered like a throistle's.

Under the stars, so bright, so calm, he could think of nothing but Roma's steady eyes and enchanting smile. He returned to the house, and passing into the sitting-room a modified perfume hovered about him. The air was full of the sense of a fascinating presence which was gone and yet remained.

Something white lay on the floor. It was a little lace handkerchief, and in the stupefaction of his happiness he put it to his lips, and then felt stunned by some sudden thought.

He was saying to himself, "After all she is the same as my sister. She was dead and is alive again, she was lost and is found," when a knock came to the door.

It was the boy from the printing office for his article for to-morrow's paper.

"Tell the overseer this is all I have to-night," he said, and taking an envelope he inserted the signed manuscript of his "Creed and Charter."

END OF PART TWO

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## FROM A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

EDITED BY  
**MARGARET E. SANGSTER**

### THE SPECTATOR ON LENT

A DETACHED observer, from another planet, taking notes of our earthly existence, would write on his tablets the fact that once a year we stop to take breath in our pace of rush and hurry, and that we call the pause Lent. Although the gay diversions of society are partially arrested, the eclipse is not at all complete, as our visitor would see. There are people who fast. There are others who abstain from some favorite amusement, who cease to play whist or to dance, during the Lenten period. Others go to church for extra services. Still others set about doing good with intention, not merely incidentally by the way. Tradition, education and conscience enter into our ideals of the proper observance of Lent, and, however we keep it, we are the better. Whether it be to us a retreat from the busy pleasure-seeking world, or only a door to self-denial, it leads us away from frivolities to the region of a greater earnestness.

The spectator would be delighted to write down the fact that women, young, pretty and admired, in Lent carried their bright faces and ministering hands to regions and homes where toil and poverty leave little room for festive hours. The common view of the society girl as a mere giddy butterfly would be largely modified, if those who are ready to criticize her could see her sitting, the centre of a happy group of East Side children, whom she is teaching to sew, or to whom, with the aid of maps and photographs, she is giving a glimpse of the great world across the sea. Sometimes the circle about this child of wealth and splendor is composed of mothers; hard-working and anxious looking women in dust-colored clothes with hoods on their heads, and little shawls around their shoulders. The charitable work of our society women in New York, Chicago, or St. Louis, in any great city in fact, is never intermitted; it goes on all the time, and their gifts of money and of personal service are at no season insignificant, but Lent affords them another opportunity. In classes, clubs, and associations of different kinds women make the most of Lent as a period for altruistic endeavor, and many an individual offering of influence, of gold and of leisure is now left at the altar of God. Creeds have little to do with this, and women of every shade of faith, and those who are not aware that they have any faith, alike join in setting Lent aside as a time of outlook to the better possibilities, and of denying self and serving others, which is really one of the most acceptable ways of serving God. At least, this would be the spectator's conclusion.

### AMATEUR DRESSMAKING AND MILLINERY

SOME deftness in the use of the needle is to be desired by every young woman, and there is an obvious advantage in knowing how to cut and fit one's own gowns and to trim one's own hats. During Lent it is often practicable for a number of girls who are in the same set to form a class, engage the attendance of a professional dressmaker or milliner and learn the technique of the art of home sewing. A girl with a small allowance may make it go twice as far if she can herself put together a simple costume, or manufacture her shirt-waists. That an amateur should undertake anything so elaborate as a dinner gown, an evening toilet, or a tailor-made suit is not to be expected; but summer dresses of thin materials need taste rather than great skill, and shirt-waists, which are essentials in every wardrobe, can be very well made at home, if the seamstress has either native or acquired knack.

Southern girls have been noted for the variety and beauty of their thin gowns, and for the exquisite confections which they manufacture from diaphanous gauzes, transparent organdies and sheer lawns. A toilet made of cotton fabrics may be inexpensive or costly. The additions of ribbons, insertions and dainty embroideries may add indefinitely to the price of the foundation, but the success of a summer gown does not depend upon its money value. Often the greatest elegance is found in simplicity, and the quality of becomingness to the wearer is one always to be borne in mind. The gown which must often be laundered is never a cheap one, for unless it is skillfully done over it will be ruined, and the bills of a satisfactory laundress soon amount to a generous total.

### IN BEST BIB AND TUCKER

THE representative assemblies of American women which will convene in the spring and

early summer Federations of Clubs will display a goody show of matrons whose charm and chic would be recognizable anywhere and whose clothes are always very much in the mode. One's best gown has always a definite impressiveness, like the war-paint and feathers of the Indian chief, and several hundreds of women in their finest toilets are very good to look at. They have learned in these days that women are more parliamentary and less inconsequent when they have made requisite preparation for a meeting, even to the last detail of gloves, fan and appropriate club pin, than when they have done the occasion less honor. A trend of the moment is to magnify the importance of the business which will come before the spring conventions, and to somewhat curtail the time hitherto spent in purely social functions.

### WOMEN AND BUSINESS

HAVING had slight acquaintance with business forms, and almost entire immunity from the fierceness of business competitions, women may be pardoned if they make mistakes through inexperience. If some deceased husbands could return from the grave and behold the success with which their widows manage the estate left them, the facility with which they acquire knowledge and the excellent common sense developed by responsibility, it would be a revelation to them. So long as women are treated like incapables, they will justify the view of the case which limits them to incapacity. But it is hard to convince living husbands of this.

One thing every woman may do, whether she administer a large estate or carry on the small affairs of her home—she may resolve in no circumstances to sign a paper which she has not read and the import of which she does not fully understand. To herself and her children she owes this care. By asking questions and paying attention, most women may learn enough about the ordinary processes of business to acquit themselves creditably at need. A woman who has large interests should seek good counsellors, preferring a trustworthy legal adviser to a well-meaning lay acquaintance, whose opinion may not be a safe guide in the disposition of funds. It would seem incredible, if it were not mournfully true, that women sometimes risk what was meant to be a sufficient provision for life on securities that turn out to be worthless, when recourse to an honorable attorney would save them from such peril. Many women are studying law under competent instructors, not with the slightest anticipation of ever practicing it, but merely that they may know their rights and privileges and have some practical acquaintance with the elementary principles of law and with the statutes of the State in which they reside.

### PROTECTION FOR THE BIRDS

TO THE many lovers of American birds it will be good news that an arrest has been laid upon the wanton destruction of gulls, herons and terns, which, only a little while ago, were decimated by unscrupulous hunters, who killed the birds and sold their plumage, mostly for the adornment of women's hats. A pretty girl does not need a slain bird nor a bird's wing as part of her headgear, and it is caprice rather than vanity which often leads her to adopt this form of decoration. The American Ornithologists' Union, assisted with funds by the public, a year ago appointed a committee to investigate the breeding-grounds of our coast birds, and placed wardens in charge to defend them. This committee now report gratifying results. Yet along the Gulf and South Atlantic coasts there is still great need to enforce existing laws and to punish those who break them through commercial greed. The United States Department of Agriculture proposes to see that the Lacey Act, passed by Congress for the protection of birds and beasts, is not recklessly violated, and heavy penalties await those who kill or maim birds in the nesting season, or who as carriers transport birds' plumes, or otherwise break the law, which is not to become a dead letter.

In Maryland, New Jersey, Connecticut, New York and Maine painstaking work has been done, and exact records have been made in the interests of science. Funds are still needed, and those who wish to aid a good cause may obtain information as to the best methods by addressing William Dutcher, Esq., 525 Manhattan Avenue, New York. Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller, whose name commands itself to every lover of birds, is a member of the Protection Committee for 1901. It is a little mortifying to learn that the milliners are the most obstinate enemies of the beauti-

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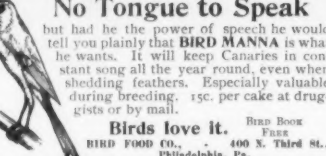
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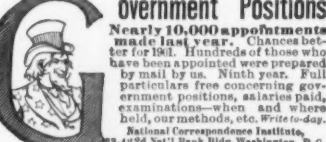


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ful birds, our useful friends and little brothers of the air. Back of the milliners are the host of women who wear hats and bonnets, and change them with the alternating seasons. Public opinion among women, a sentiment of reprobation of what is really barbaric cruelty, would do away with the sting of this accusation, and it would soon become prehistoric.

## DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

IN ANCIENT times vestals kept alive the sacred flame before the altar. During the days of chivalry brave knights wore their lady-love's colors into battle, and mingled her name with their war cries. Woman's influence has always been potential, and she is the guardian of the home. And often she is the power behind the throne.

In 1890 three patriotic women founded the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, an organization which now has a membership of thirty-three thousand women, with chapters all over the country, and its headquarters, called the National Board, in Washington.

The qualification required is to be a descendant from a patriot who aided in establishing American Independence, provided the applicant is acceptable to the Society. Family tradition unaccompanied by proof will not be considered.

The three founders were Miss Eugenia Washington, Mrs. Helen Walworth, and Miss Mary Desha. They chose Mrs. Benjamin Harrison for their first president-general, at that time the first lady of the land, since President Harrison was in office. Mrs. Harrison's death was a great loss to the organization. But nevertheless it continued to grow.

Mrs. Harrison's successor, Mrs. Adlai Stevenson, wife of the Vice-President, was elected to office, succeeded by Mrs. John Foster, and re-elected for a second term. Mrs. Daniel Manning also has held the office for two terms.

The national society celebrates Washington's birthday, and their annual Continental Congress convenes in February. These meetings bring delegates from all over the country, and the sessions are animated and display a patriotic spirit worthy of Revolutionary sires.

The congress opens with prayer, because the society has a chaplain, Mrs. Betty McGuire Smoot. Regents and their delegations from every State, city, town and village in the Union, to the number of seven hundred women or more, gather in Washington, and three sessions a day are held for six days, to elect a president-general and national officers and discuss matters of interest to the society.

Funds are being raised for a Continental hall, to preserve colonial relics and Revolutionary archives.

The New York City Chapter was established in 1891, a few months after the national society was founded. Mrs. Roger A. Pryor was the first regent, Mrs. R. Ogden Doremus the second, Mrs. Kernochan the third, and Mrs. Donald McLean the fourth. Mrs. McLean has held office since its inception, first as recording secretary, and for the past six years has been regent. Under her able leadership the chapter has increased its membership to over four hundred representative women.

Mrs. McLean, with much personal magnetism and real eloquence, inspires patriotism in her hearers. A woman of generous, sympathetic nature, a true wife and devoted mother, responsive to the claims of home and country, her whole soul aglow with love of her native land, the regent of the New York City Chapter devotes her best energies, not so much for the fleeting hour as for the morrow. Through Mrs. McLean's efforts a chair of American History has been established in Barnard College and a free scholarship fund named for her awaits annually the most meritorious applicant.

It is this gifted woman who is now spoken of as a candidate for the high office of president-general, in opposition to Mrs. Fairbanks, wife of the Senator from Indiana, and to Mrs. Washington Roebling of New Jersey.

The insignia of the society, a woman seated at her spinning-wheel, distaff in hand, surrounded by thirteen stars, representing the thirteen original States, and below these words, "Home and Country, 1776," is a fitting emblem of what the Daughters of the American Revolution represent—true Americanism and high ideals, the bulwark of American progress and the welfare of the nation.

One of the fundamental maxims is to carry out Washington's injunction in his Farewell Address: "To promote as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge."

Another laudable purpose is to cherish, maintain and extend the principles of American freedom, to foster true patriotism and love of country, and to aid in securing for mankind all the blessings of liberty.

A War Relief Corps did efficient work during the war with Spain, and many Daughters enlisted to nurse the sick and wounded.

Incidentally, whenever the Daughters meet they have a very good time, and their convocations are events worthy of being long remembered.

MARY ELIZABETH SPRINGER.

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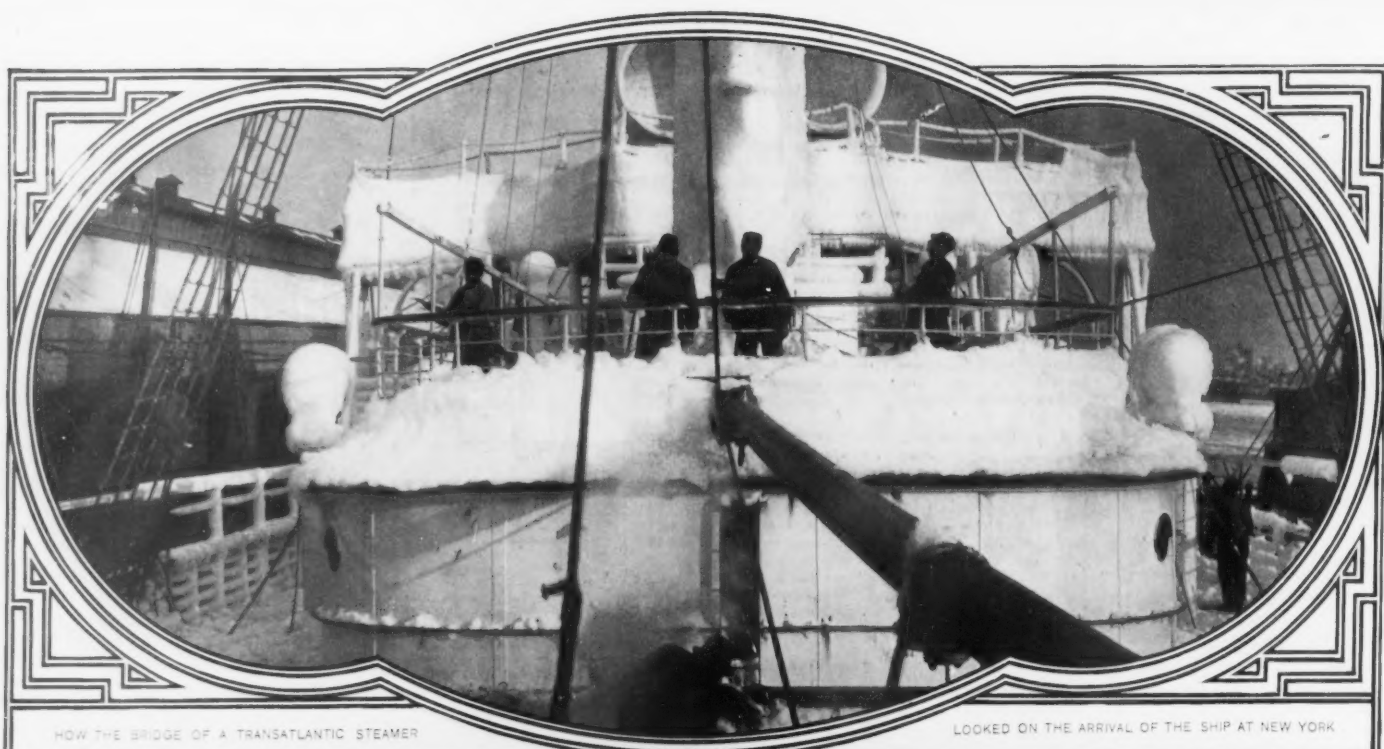
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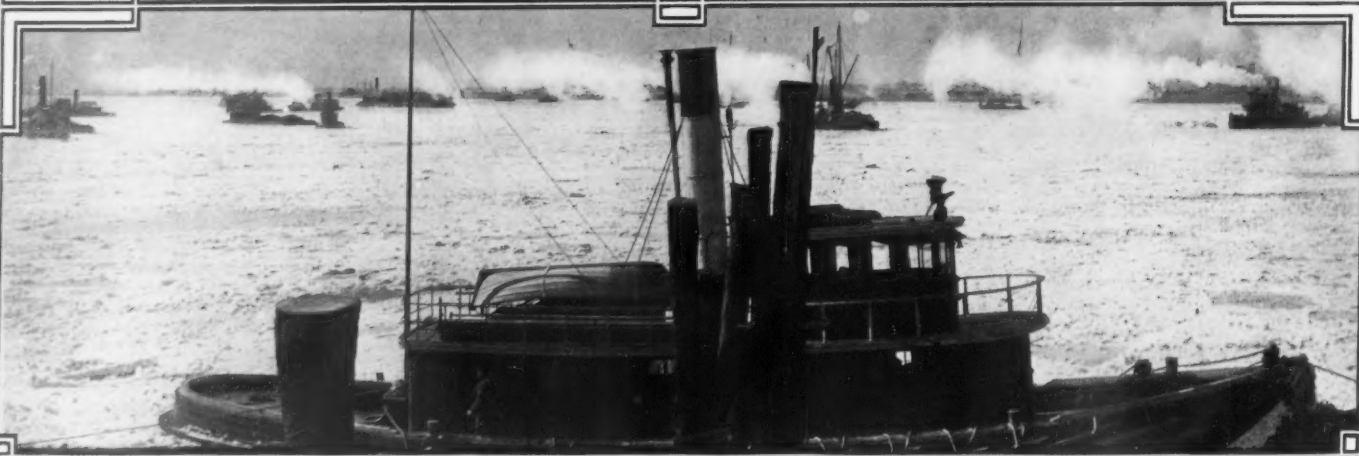
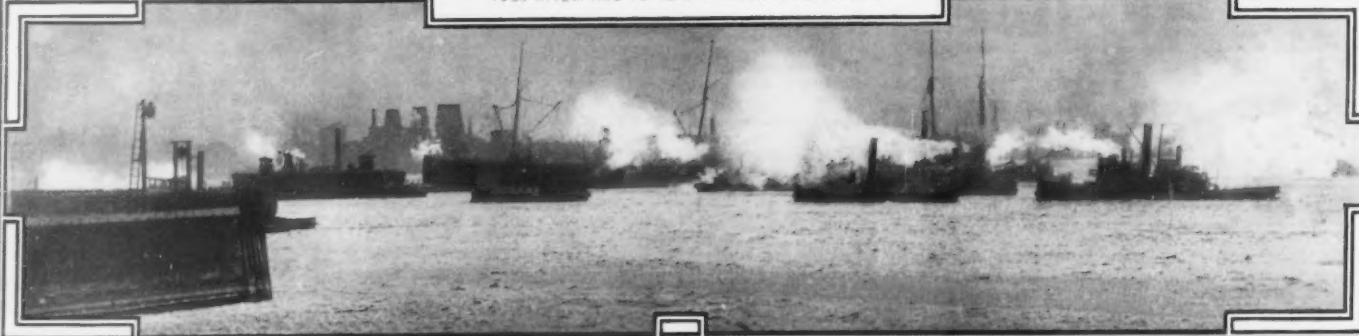


HOW THE BRIDGE OF A TRANSATLANTIC STEAMER

LOOKED ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE SHIP AT NEW YORK



TUGS ATTEMPTING TO REACH FROZEN-IN FERRYBOATS



GENERAL VIEWS OF THE HARBOR FROM THE BATTERY, SHOWING HOW THE ICE JAM PARALYZED TRAFFIC AND ANCHORED EVERY MANNER OF STEAM CRAFT IN THE BAY

**WHAT THE FEBRUARY BLIZZARD DID IN NEW YORK BAY**—New York is generally supposed to be an open and ice-free port, but it was tightly bottled up by ice on February 13. This phenomenon had never been witnessed before by any living person, and has happened, it is believed, only two or three times in the history of this city. The ice blockade was due to a freak of the Hudson ice-floe. After winter sets in firm and hard, the river is closed to navigation by an ice-crust, whose southernmost edge is at or near Yonkers. The harbor of New York is always entirely clear, save for thin floating ice-sheets, and the Hudson River is usually unimpeded for a dozen miles above the Upper Bay. On the night of February 12, however, the high winds, or tides, or river current broke off a great mass of the ice-floe at Yonkers and sent it drifting down toward New York. As it swung eastward round the Battery it met another ice-pack floating down the East River. The two floes locked themselves fast together, and imprisoned all craft that were trying at the time to steer courses through the ice-strewn waters. Ferryboats and tugs, and, of course, all smaller vessels, were held as in a vise. Within a radius of a mile from the Battery more than sixty craft, of all sorts, were counted, all stuck fast in the ice. The river ferryboats were confined to their slips, and all incoming ships were covered with icy mail. The hard freeze was the result of a long spell of cold weather, during which the temperature ranged between ten and twenty degrees. Together with the frozen rivers and the ice-covered bay, the snow-covered Palisades and the heights of Staten Island, it gave to New York Harbor the aspect of a scene in the Arctic.





## HERO TALES FROM THE WINTRY SURF

By JOHN R. SPEARS



ANY YEARS AGO, when the effect of alongshore currents on the sands of the ocean beaches was not as well known as it is now, the United States Government built, at great expense, a long wall of stone in deep water off the beach at Lewes, Delaware. By this means one corner of the mouth of the Delaware Bay was fenced off from the assaults of the ocean seas, and what was called a harbor of refuge was created. To this harbor, thereafter, came hundreds and thousands of vessels in search of shelter, and for many years they found it. But the shifting sands came with them, and the sands remained to create bars and shoals in the harbor. And then when these shoals had been formed, trap-fashion, a gale that has had but few equals on the Atlantic coast came searching this old-time harbor of refuge for victims, and found nearly a score of them covering there helpless.

### THE GREAT BLIZZARD OF '88

It was on March 12, 1888. A huge whirling storm from the Rocky Mountain region, that had followed the usual route for the Great Lakes, was suddenly shunted to the south. It would have reached the Atlantic not far from Cape Hatteras but for the fact that a similar storm was just then coming up the coast. The two met somewhere in Virginia, perhaps, and, uniting, they created one of the most frightful hurricanes known to the records of the Northern coast.

It was at eleven o'clock at night, on March 11, that the hurricane struck the Delaware Breakwater and the fleet of merchantmen anchored there. A fresh breeze had been blowing from southeast, but, without previous warning, the wind shifted to northwest and came down upon them like an avalanche. With the first sweep every vessel heeled rail under, though not a sail was set, and then, as they righted and swung to the blast, masts went tumbling, cables broke, seams opened, and almost within an hour fourteen different schooners were stranded, sunk or otherwise wrecked.

Such a demand as was thus made on the courage and skill of the life-saving crew stationed there has rarely been made on any life-savers, but as soon as the danger was known at the station they started out. It was a down-wind route from the station house to the edge of the surf, and the distance was only a few yards, but hardly had they left the shelter of the building ere a swirling williwaw caught them, and, one after another, they were hurled to the ground; and they were obliged to crawl back to the station house on their hands and knees before they could make another start.

### THE CASE OF THE "ALLIE H. BELDEN"

The vessel that first received their attention was the schooner *Allie H. Belden*, stranded on an offshore bar. Three times they tried to fire a line to the sailors seen clinging for life in the rigging, and twice the line was laid across the rigging. But the first line laid there was carried away by the gale, the next was washed away by the seas that swept solid across the deck, and the third line broke.

There was then no resource but the surf-boat, and the helplessness of trying to use that was seen when the williwaws knocked the life-savers about almost like straws. Nevertheless, the boat was brought to the beach and it was launched in the lee of the pilot schooner *E. W. Tunnel* that lay stranded in the inner breakers. But when clear of that shelter the wind literally drove the boat astern, while the crew, with all their might, strove to row off to the wreck; and they were obliged to beach her.

Then a crew of daring young pilots took one of their own light boats and launched out, only to be driven back in like fashion; and when a fresh crew of pilots tried again, they were glad to get into the lee of another schooner stranded where there was small danger of her breaking up, and there bail out the water that had all but swamped them.

Had the life-savers abandoned their efforts at this point, and turned from the *Belden* to the other stranded vessels that were within certain reach, they would have been justified in the act by every man of experience on the beach. For not only was the wind of whelming force; the cold was so intense that it

almost withered the muscles of all who were exposed to it. But the very conditions that had baffled their utmost efforts, so far, made the peril of the *Belden's* sailors the greater, and that peril was a call for help that was, to the life-savers, irresistible. Day had come. A plenty of volunteers were ready to help handle the boat while on the shore, and with their aid it was carried far up the beach, where it trended to the wind. Then they launched through the surf, and, when well clear of the breakers, dropped an anchor. There they rested a few minutes, watched for a favorable moment, and then up anchor and pulled on until exhausted, when they anchored again. They thus fought their way literally length by length into the wind, anchoring at frequent intervals to hold what they had gained, and so, after a series of efforts that lasted just nine hours, they reached the *Belden*, and saved the men remaining in her rigging. Two of the sailors had dropped off and drowned during the long struggle.

How the crews of the other stranded vessels were saved need not be told here in detail, for the danger in no other case was as great as in that of the *Belden*; but it is worth noting that the life-savers of the Lewes and the Cape Henlopen stations were kept steadily at work until the 14th—more than forty-eight hours—by the perils of the sailors wrecked in this one-time harbor of refuge.

### THE STRANDING OF THE "MYRTLE PURDY"

One of the most notable surfmen of the Atlantic Coast is Captain Albert H. Myers, keeper of the life-saving station at Quoddy Head, Maine. Myers first became famous when the schooner *Myrtle Purdy* stranded near his station on January 9, 1886. She was seen drifting, helpless, in a violent snow-storm, and after ordering out his crew with their apparatus, Myers hurried down the beach to locate her when she should strike the sand, and so be able to guide the crew who had to struggle along slowly with their gear on account of the snow-drifts and ice.

As it happened, the alongshore current carried the schooner (a little thing of eighty-five tons) further than anticipated, and when she finally came to the rocks the life-saving crew were out of sight and hearing. The snow obscured everything more than four hundred yards away, in fact, but Myers was directly opposite the vessel when she stranded.

Peering through the snow and spindrift, Myers saw that the schooner's yawl was towing astern by a painter, though full of water, and that three men were vainly trying to lift it out of the breakers. A moment later one of the men slipped on the ice and pitched overboard, while the two remaining stood dazed on the deck.

The peril of the man who had fallen over was deadly, because the cold was so intense that the water was covered with floating ice out to where the schooner lay, and the yawl was bobbing up and down, with the unfortunate man clinging to it, right in the outer edge of the ice.

At sight of that, Myers leaped to a rock, at the edge of the surf, and plunged in. He sank to his neck at the first jump, but he was able to struggle through and reach the yawl. Into that he clambered, and, grabbing the sailor, strove to haul him in also. But the sailor's leg was caught in a rope under water, and it could not be freed. Myers then bawled to the men on deck to cast off the painter, but they were too dazed or dumb to obey, and, perishing with cold, Myers was obliged to return ashore for help.

As he scrambled up the beach he met two of his neighbors, but he was so covered over with ice that they did not recognize him until he begged their help, when they knew his voice. Just then the life-saving crew arrived, and at that Myers turned to the ice-covered waves once more, and, with four of his men, struggled out and got the sailor and the yawl ashore, and then saved the sailors on the schooner.

According to the myths of the Eskimo Indians, the spirits of the wicked are doomed, after death, to struggle forever and ever in a hell of frozen surf like that through which Keeper Myers struggled to save a sailor of the schooner *Myrtle Purdy*.

### THE WRECK OF THE "SAN ALBANO"

Another hero of the surf is Keeper Johnson of the Hog Island Station, on the coast of Virginia. On February 23, 1892, the steamer *San Albano*, on her way from New Orleans to Norfolk, overran her reckoning in a fierce gale, and was found tangled up in the shoals five miles north of the Hog Island Station. On stranding she turned broadside to the sea, and soon the waves were making a clean sweep across her.

When the life-savers discovered her they at once set about transporting the surf-boat to the beach opposite her, for she was plainly a long way out, but they also took the line-throwing gun and its accompanying apparatus. The work of trans-

porting all this weight five miles up the beach was something exhausting, but they succeeded. They first tried the line-throwing gun, but without success on account of the distance.

Next they tried the surf-boat, but the wind, like the hurricane at the Delaware Breakwater, was too strong for human strength. Twice they drove the boat through the breakers, by watching for the brief lulls that come in every storm, but each time they were driven ashore by the dead weight of the blasts that followed the lull.

Apparently they had now done the utmost that lay within the powers of surfmen to aid the stranded seamen. Had they built a fire to protect them from the February gale, and then waited for the wind to abate, no one could have fairly uttered a word of censure. But Keeper Johnson had not quite reached the end of his resources. He observed that the wreck was seemingly just beyond the range of his gun, but he thought he would try the gun once more, and in trying would shorten the distance to the wreck.

When a line-throwing gun is ordinarily fired it is placed on the sand well above the reach of the sweeping surf, in order to keep the powder dry. But because the sand sloped very gradually out to sea at that point, Keeper Johnson lashed his gun on the axle of the cart used to carry the line-throwing apparatus along the beach, placed the box holding the line on the axle of the boat carriage, and then, watching the surf for the right moment, he ran the two down the slope with a retreating wave until the dancing waters lapped the gun-carriage, and then fired the gun. And the shot landed just over the shore-side rail of the wreck.

So the sailors hauled off a larger line, and by that hauled off the life-car, in which they were brought to the beach two or three at a time.

For ready wit and skill, as well as for their heroic persistence, Johnson and his crew now wear the life-saver's medals issued by the government.

### THE DISASTER OF THE BRIG "AQUATIC"

No record of the work of the life-savers who have used the apparatus provided alongshore by the Massachusetts Humane Society has ever been made, but we have one account where all of a lifeboat crew, save one man, lost their lives in a desperate effort to save some castaways. On February 24, 1893, just at night, the British brig *Aquatic* stranded on a reef off the western end of Cuttyhunk Island, near the entrance to Vineyard Sound, and the keeper of the Cuttyhunk lighthouse saw her and spread the news among the people on the island. The Humane Society had a good surf-boat near the beach, and Frederick A. Aiken, Josiah H. Tilton, Josiah H. Tilton, Hiram S. Jackson and Eugene Brightman took the oars at the thwarts, while Timothy Aikin, Jr., handled the steering oar.

A heavy sea was rolling in, and a thick fog came on as night fell. Worse yet, the crew were not ready for their work until after night had come. Nevertheless, they launched forth, leaving the people of Cuttyhunk pacing the beach and waiting their return. All night long relatives and friends walked to and fro at the edge of the surf, but nothing of the life-savers did they see until daylight, when one of them found the body of Fred Aikin rolling to and fro with the ice cakes in the swash of the surf on the beach. Their boat had been capsized by the swirl of the waves around the reef when but forty feet from the wreck. They had pulled at the oars until well heated and in a perspiration; and the sudden chill, when plunged into the iced waters, made them utterly helpless. Josiah H. Tilton managed to grasp and hold a rope thrown him by one of the sailors he had come to rescue, and he was drawn to the wreck. The others perished.

The crew from the government life-saving station, two miles east of the Humane Society's station, finally rescued all hands from the wreck; and the people of the old Commonwealth were careful to make provision for the families of the men who lost their lives while striving to save others.

While it is true that the West India hurricanes are more frequently generated in the dog days than at any other time of the year, the real months of storms—the months of most deadly peril for seamen and surfmen on the Atlantic coast—are February and March. These men have a proverb saying, "When the days begin to lengthen the weather begins to strengthen;" and the weather reaches its most frightful power in the end of the winter. Even what is called a moderate gale—a storm wherein the wind does not rise above fifty miles an hour—is then terrifying, for the temperature falls till the wet sails stiffen like sheets of metal, the halliards and braces harden, the whole ship is covered with a glare of ice, the withering wind pierces to the hearts of the sailors, and only the magnificent pluck and endurance of the trained life-saver stands between them and the death that lurks in the freezing surf.

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## SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

EDITED BY WALTER CAMP

**B. A. A. HANDICAPS**

SOMETHING over eight thousand people witnessed the twelfth annual indoor handicap games of the Boston Athletic Association in Mechanics' Hall. Harvard won the team race against Pennsylvania, breaking the world's record by one-fifth of a second, making the distance in 3 minutes 11.5 seconds. Duffy of Georgetown won the forty-yard special in 4.3-5 seconds, equaling the world's record. The two Grants ran their usual interesting distance events, Alexander Grant of Pennsylvania winning, and Dick Grant getting third. Kanaly finished second. Cornell won her team race from Princeton, and Abdoover won from Exeter.

**AMATEUR SKATING CHAMPIONSHIPS**

The amateur skating championships of America were held under the direction of the Amateur Skating Association of Canada and the National Skating Association of America in Montreal on February 16. The only race won by an American was the five-mile, although in the three-mile Sagat of New York had an excellent chance, and was only beaten out by a slip at the finish. Drury of Montreal, as was expected, won the half-mile, but was beaten out by Bellefeuille and Philie in the mile. One Canadian record was broken, that of the half-mile for boys under twelve.

**220 Yards**—Won by Fred J. Robson, Royal Canadian B. C., Toronto; Larry C. Piper, Young Men's Christian Association, Toronto, second; W. Caldwell, Montreal A. A., third. Time, 20.2-5 seconds.

**One Mile**—Won by C. Bellefeuille, Rat-Portage; A. E. Philie, Montreal A. A., second; James Drury, Montreal A. A., third. Time, 2 minutes 53.3-5 seconds.

**880 Yards, for Boys 12 Years and Under**—Won by T. Gaudet, Montreal; Paul Fafard, Montreal, second; Simon Moreau, Montreal, third. Time, 1 minute 39 seconds.

**880 Yards, Backward**—Won by P. Fafard, Montreal; Frank Stephen, Montreal, second; W. Thibault, Montreal, third. Time, 1 minute 31.1-5 seconds.

**880 Yards**—Won by James Drury, Montreal; W. Caldwell, Montreal, second; F. J. Robson, Toronto, third. Time, 1 minute 27.2-5 seconds.

**One Mile, for Boys 15 Years and Under**—Won by Oscar Brudorn, Montreal; James Wells, Montreal, second; James Bancroft, Montreal, third. Time, 3 minutes 29 seconds.

**Three miles**—Won by Z. P. St. Marie, Montreal; F. R. Sagat, New York, second; E. A. Thomas, New York, third. Time, 9 minutes 12 seconds.

**220 Yards' Hurdle**—Won by Larry C. Piper, Toronto; F. B. Irwin, Montreal, second; R. T. Holcomb, Montreal, third. Time, 25.2-5 seconds.

**Five Miles**—Won by E. A. Thomas, New York A. C.; A. E. Philie, Montreal, second; B. Spencer, Montreal, third. Time, 16 minutes 56.2-5 seconds.

**SPEED SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP**

The indoor speed skating championship of the National Skating Association was held at the St. Nicholas Rink, Hefley School practically having everything her own way. There were five events on the programme, and Jones of the above-named school took two first places and one second, while McDonald and Simund of the same school divided up the rest. In the final of the 220 McDonald got across the line first, with Belden second and Wray third, but as a claim was made that McDonald had fouled Belden, Referee Buermeyer ordered the race skated over again. Belden and McDonald only started, the former winning by five yards.

**PHILADELPHIA FOR SPORTS**

Cornell is to hold a track athletic meeting with Pennsylvania on the 11th of May next, and it may be that, instead of a dual meet, it will be a triple one, as Columbia may enter. The situation was that both Columbia and Cornell wished to hold dual meets with Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, but Pennsylvania had but one day open that would be suitable, and that was the 11th of May. Whether as a result of this a triple meet will be held on that day is still a problem, but from a financial standpoint it ought to please Pennsylvania. The truth of the matter is there is no city that is so appreciative of high grade sport as is Philadelphia. Cornell realizes this when she sends her football team down there every year. Columbia, with her diminished exchequer, looks with envious eyes upon the big bank account of the University of Pennsylvania. All this comes from the fact that the people in Philadelphia know sport and support it. The intercollegiate meeting would draw a far better gate in Philadelphia than in New York, and it will not be surprising to see that meeting some time transferred there.

**PENNSYLVANIA'S DETERMINATION**

Pennsylvania is in deadly earnest in track events this year. Coach Woodruff means to make up for the loss of Mike Murphy by throwing all of his most remarkable energy into the issue and accomplishing by diligent work all that can be accomplished toward carrying on the successes of the last few years. A schedule has been arranged for handicaps practically every Saturday forenoon during February and March. These handicaps include not only the sprints, but long distance events, the jumps, hammer throwing, pole vaulting, and in fact all the events of the intercollegiate meeting. They are intended merely as a preparation for the candidates in various departments. The presidents of the classes in the many different departments have been urged to appoint captains for each team, and to notify Captain McClain of such appointments.

**WATER POLO**

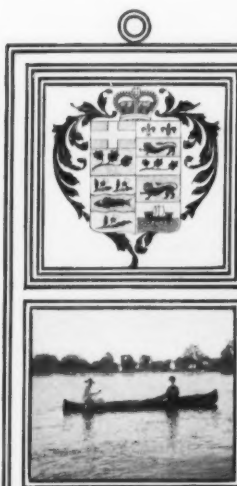
Water polo has not been as prominent a sport this winter as for the last two or three years. Whether it has been the fascinations of ice hockey, outdoor skating or the general open winter, no one can tell, but the fact remains that the swimming tanks have not been so largely patronized as usual, and the contests have been less exciting. Perhaps the knowledge of the remarkable water polo deal which was investigated not long ago, and which investigation resulted in a whitewashing, rather took away the confidence of the spectators. There is nothing that can kill a sport or kill the interest in it quite so quickly as arranging the issue. Outside of New York the polo interest has continued fairly good. We give in this issue a photograph of the Duquesne (Pennsylvania) team, one of the best of the outside organizations.

WALTER CAMP.

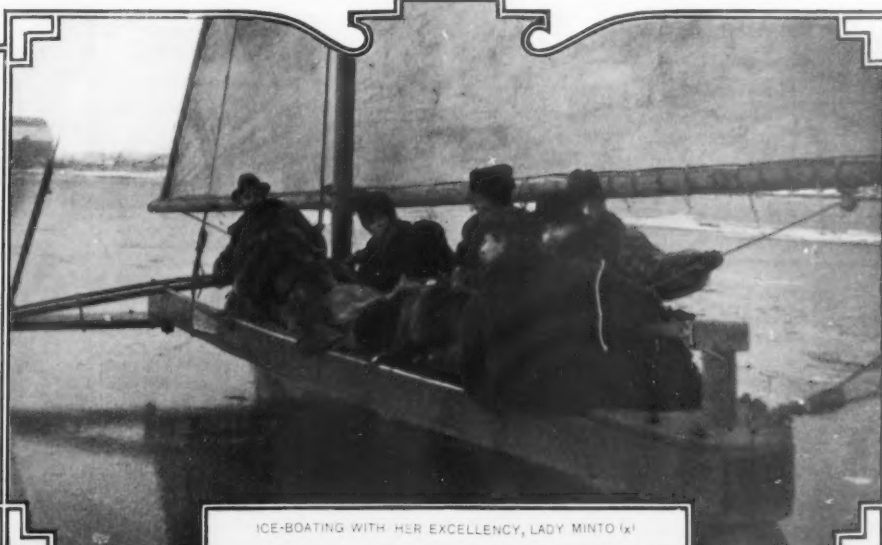


DUQUESNE COUNTRY AND ATHLETIC CLUB WATER POLO TEAM, T. H. LAIDLEY, JR., MANAGER

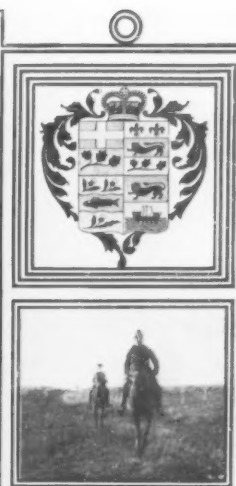




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FOUR OF LORD MINTO'S CHILDREN



LORD AND LADY MINTO IN THE NORTHWEST

LORD MINTO AT BATOCHE, WITH FATHER MOULIN,  
A FAMOUS ECCLESIASTICLORD MINTO AND PERSONAL STAFF AT THE QUEEN'S  
BIRTHDAY REVIEW, MONTREALLORD MINTO AND ADMIRAL SIR FREDERICK BEDFORD (x)  
ON H.M.S. "CRESCENT"

### THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA, AND HIS FAMILY

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL of Canada occupies a position of great respectability and honor, and also of tremendous personal responsibility; but his duties are largely perfunctory and unimportant. They leave him abundant time and opportunity to lead the social life of the Dominion and to be the patron of sport and of the arts. In this view, none of his seven predecessors has excelled the Earl of Minto in the qualities and accomplishments that grace the office.

The present Governor-General had the great advantage of being favorably known to the Canadians before he assumed his office. He was the Military Secretary of the Marquis of Lansdowne in 1883-1884, when the latter was Governor-General of Canada, and, also, as Chief of Staff during the Riel, or Northwest, insurrection in 1885. He began his administration in the fall of 1898, therefore, in the best of relations with the people and with the politicians, and has since strengthened his influence by considerable tact, by a pleasant personality, and by his British love of sport and life in the open air.

The fact that the Governor-General has an excellent military reputation is not often remembered. He became an ensign in the Scots Guards in 1867, and in 1877 served with the Turkish army, and was present when the Russians forced the passage of the Danube in the face of the Sultan's troops. In 1877, he was in the Afghan War, where he served with distinction, and two years later was secretary to General Lord Roberts at the Cape. He volunteered for the Egyptian campaign in 1882, and was wounded in action just before the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. His part in the Canadian troubles in 1885 has already been mentioned.

It is, however, his love of sport, which is shared by Lady Minto, that has given the Governor-General his strongest hold upon the affections of the people. His chief recreations are hunting, shooting and fishing; but he is fond of ice-boating, skating and yachting. He is a mighty hunter, even before the Canadians, and is a good shot and a hardy woodsman.

The Dominion is, probably, the best field for general outdoor sports in the world, and Lord Minto and his wife have availed themselves of their fine opportunities. There are fishing and canoeing and yachting in the spring and summer, and hunting and snow and ice sports in the winter. The Governor-General and his wife are great experts in ice-boating, snowshoe-running and skating.

Yachting is said to be the favorite pastime of Lady Minto, and she manages her own boat with the skill of a veteran skipper. After her first year in Canada, she made a visit to England, and won many personal triumphs by her skilful sailing in British waters. She and Lord Minto came to this city in 1899 to witness the great yacht race between *Columbia* and *Shamrock*, and were the guests of Sir Thomas Lipton on his private yacht *Erin*. Bicycling is also one of Lady Minto's favorite recreations. It is largely to this passion for fresh-air sports that she owes the preservation of her youth and beauty. She is now past forty, but she still has the grace and charm of a girl.

Lord Minto prorogued the Canadian Parliament July 18, 1900, and left Ottawa the following day for a journey of three months in the Northwest Territories, including the Yukon and Klondike regions. Lady Minto and his staff accompanied him. This trip had been contemplated for some time, and was part of a programme that included a personal tour of inspection of every portion of the Dominion. These journeys are never limited to business, but always have in them a dash of sport. In the Northwest, during their recent tour, the Earl and Lady Minto had rare sport in hunting big game. They shot deer and bear in Columbia, angled in all the best trout and salmon streams, and enjoyed yachting in the Arctic waters of the Yukon. Lady Minto, who is also a clever photographer, made a camera diary of the tour.

The Governor-General has several children, the eldest and heir being Viscount Melgund, who inherits his parents' devotion to outdoor sports. When the Earl and Lady Minto came to Canada in the autumn of 1898, the Viscount was very ill with pneumonia. His condition was so precarious that his father would not permit his removal from the vessel, and he was kept on board under care of physicians, and the devoted nursing of his mother, until he could be brought ashore without risk.



LORD MINTO AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA



THE CHILDREN OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL

LANDAU AT THE DOOR OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S  
QUARTERS QUEBEC

VISCOUNT MELGUND, ONE OF THE SONS OF LORD MINTO

LORD MINTO AND STAFF AFTER THE PROROGATION  
OF PARLIAMENT



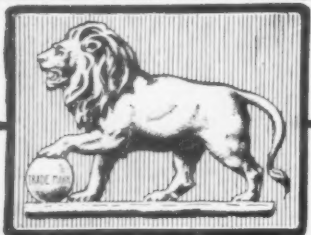
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The remedy is in the form of pleasant tasting tablets or lozenges, containing vegetable and fruit essences, pure aseptic pepsin (government test), golden seal and diastase. The tablets are sold by druggists under the name of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. Many interesting experiments to test the digestive power of Stuart's Tablets show that one grain of the active principle contained in them is sufficient to thoroughly digest 3,000 grains of raw meat, eggs and other wholesome food.

Stuart's Tablets do not act upon the bowels like after-dinner pills and cheap cathartics, which simply irritate and inflame the intestines without having any effect whatever in digesting food or curing indigestion.

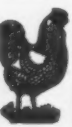
If the stomach can be rested and assisted in the work of digestion it will very soon recover its normal vigor, as no organ is so much abused and overworked as the stomach.

This is the secret, if there is any secret, of the remarkable success of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, a remedy practically unknown a few years ago and now the most widely known of any treatment for stomach weakness.

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Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets can be found at all drug stores, and the regular use of one or two of them after meals will demonstrate their merit better than any other argument.



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## GOVERNMENT EMPLOYES IN OUR NEW POSSESSIONS

(NOTE—Following the publication in a recent issue of a brief article entitled "Working for the Government," the Editor of COLLIER'S WEEKLY has received numerous inquiries on the subject. The accompanying article will answer a portion of them. It will be supplemented by others of a similar nature.)

THE OCCUPATION of Porto Rico, Cuba and the Philippines by our troops, and the construction of new forms of government there, have naturally thrown open thousands of new positions for those who seek employment under the government. Many of these positions come naturally under the Civil Service, and they are being filled as rapidly as possible by those who have passed the examinations and are willing to go into the tropics for their future abode.

### THE CALL FOR TEACHERS

One of the greatest demands after the settlement of the Cuban affairs was for American teachers. The supply never equalled the demand, and the same was true of Porto Rico, and it will be in a larger measure true of the Philippines before long. The pay of these teachers did not seem large, but considering the cost of living in the islands it was really larger than in the United States. Eventually native teachers may be able to do all the teaching needed, but American teachers are in demand until a more settled condition of affairs is obtained. In the Philippines the demand for American teachers will steadily increase as the pacification of the natives progresses. The pay of these teachers ranges from thirty and forty dollars per month up to pretty good salaries.

### CLERKS AND SKILLED LABOR

There are several thousand clerks required in the administration of affairs in all these new possessions, and as the work of establishing law and order progresses the clerical force must be increased. It has been difficult to secure the right men to go to the Philippines on account of the climate, and probably most of the volunteer soldiers are to-day induced to stay a year or two longer after the expiration of their terms by receiving positions as clerks under the government. The pay for these clerks is about the same as for similar positions in the United States, but as the cost of living is much cheaper the remuneration is really larger.

There is a pressing need in the Philippines for government telegraph operators and linemen. Telegraph lines and cables are being laid by the United States Government connecting all the leading parts of the archipelagoes, and many of these will be permanent lines. In order to construct the lines, and to have them operated by electricians, the government is sending over new men as fast as they can be secured. Many of the telegraph stations have had to be closed because of the lack of proper operators. Both the islands of Panay and Luzon are dotted with telegraph stations, and the movement of troops can be known at any time through the electric signals. Nevertheless, the government is sadly in need of experienced linemen and operators.

One reason for this is that the pay is not very high, but a position in this line might lead to something of greater value later. The private in the signal corps receives twenty dollars and forty cents per month, and his lodging, rations, clothing and medical attendance. From this position the operator is promoted to that of corporal, sergeant, and chief operator. When he reaches this position he will receive from forty to fifty dollars per month, and his board and attendance.

## ELECTRICIANS AND MACHINISTS WANTED

There is an electrical training department of our government at Fort Monroe, Virginia, where sergeants and signal corps men are supposed to be trained for this work in the army; but the demand has been so great for electricians that competent men are taken direct into the service without government training. All that is required of the applicants is a fair knowledge of their business, and they are expected to have had at least two years' experience in an electrical shop of some sort. Book knowledge of electricity and dynamo counts for considerable in the examinations, although the applicants must show their familiarity with tools and shop work. The men employed in this line are from twenty-five to thirty-five years of age, although these ages are not arbitrary. Very old men are not wanted on account of the rigors of the climate, nor very young men because of lack of experience.

Machinists and mechanics represent two other large classes of employees which are in special demand by the government. No dependence at all can be placed upon the natives to do any work of this kind. They can fire the boilers, clean the machinery, cut wood and haul ashes, but they cannot so much as make a simple repair or operate a simple



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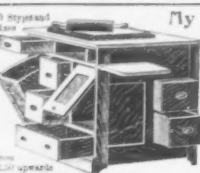
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A Labor Saver. A Money Saver. An ornament to any home. No kitchen complete without one. 10 Styles and Sizes. Prices from \$2.50 to \$11.50. We ship direct from factory at factory prices and make a full line of Roll Top Kitchen Cabinets that cannot be excelled. Used and recommended by famous American cooks. Send for free catalogue "T" for full particulars and other household specialties. THE QUEEN CABINET CO., Security Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



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is what  
**10 Year Old  
Hunter  
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does for those who  
are weary and brain  
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**The Purest Type  
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It is particularly recom-  
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## Pencil Comfort

CAN BE HAD  
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## DIXON'S American Graphite PENCILS

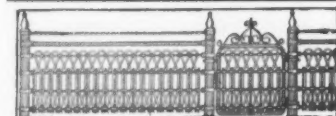
Why will busy people so often purchase any pencil  
that is handed to them by a dealer, and suffer the  
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NOTHING adds more to the beauty of  
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to make and keep a beautiful velvety lawn.  
Of great interest and worth dollars to  
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Excels in strength, beauty and durability. Made of steel  
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a proposition whereby they can become indepen-  
dent. The **ECONOMY GAS LAMP** (18 styles)  
superior in appearance, low in cost; a child can  
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## Lip-Reading at Home

in six weeks. Easy, practical, interesting lessons by mail.  
Copyrighted. One hour a day for study and practice. Re-  
sults uniformly satisfactory. Terms moderate. Send for  
"Catalogue." **DAVID GREENE**, 1122 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

**Parker's Hair Balsam**  
Cleanses and beautifies the hair.  
Promotes a luxuriant growth.  
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair  
to its Youthful Color.  
Cures scalp diseases and hair falling.  
25c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

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A POOR SHADE-ROLLER  
AND NEVER ABSENT  
FROM A GOOD  
ONE.  
**Stewart Hartshorn**  
GET  
THE GENUINE  
**HARTSHORN**

steam-driven machine. They are absolutely  
useless in any of the mechanical departments.

## GOVERNMENT EMPLOYMENT IN THE PHILIPPINES

Young men who have passed their examina-  
tions in some of the technical schools are in  
special favor in the Philippines, and inducements  
are offered to get them to go out. With  
a solid training and education, they make the  
material which the government will convert  
into useful men of affairs. Probably there is  
no better or surer way to get a start in the  
Philippines to-day than to go as a government  
employee, and then work from that to some-  
thing better either in the service or outside of  
it. Fortunes there are to be made in time in  
the islands, but they must come through wide  
experience gained either at the risk of one's  
life and health alone, or through the co-  
operation of the army and government.

The increase in our army and navy in the  
new islands of the Atlantic and Pacific has  
naturally opened many new opportunities for  
those who aspire to advancement in the gov-  
ernment's employ. A fact that is commonly  
overlooked is that there is more chance of  
advancement in the army for men of good  
education and culture than in almost any  
other calling. Not all the work in the army  
is fighting, but a good deal of it is now more  
or less administrative. A great majority of  
those who enter the army, outside of the West  
Pointers, are uneducated men. Of course,  
bravery and heroism will cause the promotion  
of the most uneducated, but other promotions  
are more than likely to go to the educated  
man. In a new country like the Philippines  
there are positions of trust and responsibility  
continually opening, and those appointed to  
them are usually qualified for them by sound  
education at home.

## SURVEYORS, AGRICULTURISTS, ETC.

In connection with the Navy Department  
there is at present considerable work being  
done in our new possessions that ordinarily  
comes under the jurisdiction of the Lighthouse  
Board and the Geodetic Survey. There is need  
constantly of competent surveyors in the Philip-  
pines to mark out the channels and rocks along  
the coast, and of engineers and mechanics to  
construct buoys and beacons. The govern-  
ment has been unable to send enough such  
men to the Far East to perform the work that  
is urgently demanded. Eventually the con-  
struction of lighthouses along the coast will  
necessitate the shipment of many more me-  
chanics and engineers.

The Weather Bureau has also established a  
number of offices in all of our new posses-  
sions, and competent men and experts are  
required to do the work in connection with  
these. The Department of Agriculture has  
also made arrangements to establish several  
experiment stations in the islands, and gradu-  
ates of our agricultural colleges will be needed  
to conduct these new stations. The work they  
will have in hand will be a general study of  
agricultural conditions, and special experi-  
ments with the fibre plants which have made  
the Philippines so valuable. The cultivation  
of tropical fruits will also receive attention.  
Many of the experts will need practical farm-  
ers to carry out the work they have in hand.

## NO POLITICS IN THIS!

It would be impossible to enumerate all the  
new positions created in our new possessions  
by our army, navy and civil government.  
Most of the work has been performed by  
Americans sent out specially for the object,  
but eventually the intention is to give the  
natives the opportunity to fill all the positions  
they are fitted for. It will be many years,  
however, before they will be able to perform  
more than the duties attached to the lowest  
positions. The scientific, technical and skilled  
labor must come chiefly from this country, and  
the sooner sufficient workmen of intelligence  
and education can be sent to the islands the  
quicker will the government finish its labors.  
The feeling prevails now at Washington that  
merit and not political influence should decide  
the appointments for positions in our new  
possessions, and outside of those which come  
under the Civil Service rules there was never  
before a class of appointments which had less  
to do with politics than those which pertain  
to the government work in the Far East.

Of course you can live without telephone service, but  
you don't live as much as you might because telephone  
service saves time, and time is the stuff of life. Rates in  
Manhattan from \$20 a year. New York Telephone Co.  
—Ad.

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To cure chronic indigestion and constipation perfectly  
and permanently. The Vernal Remedy Company of  
Buffalo, N. Y., will send a trial bottle of Vernal Saw Pal-  
metto Berry Wine FREE and PREPAID to any reader of  
Collier's Weekly. It is a specific for all kidney, bladder  
and prostate troubles, and one day cures. —Ad.

## Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in  
his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a  
simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent  
cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and  
all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical  
cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints.  
Having tested this wonderful curative powers in thousands  
of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will  
send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in Ger-  
man, French or English, with full directions for preparing  
and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp,  
naming this paper, **W. A. NOYES**, 335 Powers' Block,  
Rochester, N. Y. —Ad.

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HAVE BEEN ESTABLISHED 50 YEARS

and are receiving more favorable comments to-day  
from an artistic standpoint than all other makes  
combined.

## WE Challenge Comparisons.

By our easy payment plan, every family in mod-  
erate circumstances can own a **Vose** piano.  
We allow a liberal price for old instruments in  
exchange, and deliver the piano in your house free  
of expense. You can deal with us at a distant  
point the same as in Boston. Send for catalogue  
and full information.

**Vose & Sons Piano Co.**  
160 Boylston Street, - - Boston.

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One in each town to ride and exhibit  
sample 1901 Bicycle. Best Makes  
**1901 MODELS, \$10 to \$18.**  
'99 & '00 Models, high grade, \$7 to \$12.  
**500 Second-hand Wheels**  
all makes and models, good as new,  
\$3 to \$8. Great Factory Clearing  
Sale at half factory cost. We ship  
anywhere on approval and ten days  
trial without a cent in advance.  
Earn a Bicycle distributing  
Catalogues for us. We have a won-  
derful proposition to Agents for 1901.  
Write at once for our Bargain List  
and Special Offer. Address Dept. 91 L.  
**HEAD CYCLE CO., - - CHICAGO**

## Seed DUE BILL Free

To get new customers to test my Seeds, I will mail my 1901  
catalogue, filled with more Bargains than ever and a 10c Due  
Bill good for 10c worth of Seeds for trial absolutely  
free. All the Best Seeds, Bulbs, Plants, Roses, Farm  
Seeds, Potatoes and many Novelties at lowest prices.  
Ginseng, the great money making plant. Giant Prize To-  
matoes, 2 to 10 lbs. Pan American Onion, sent free to  
farmers, and two Free Passes to Pan American Ex-  
position, Buffalo, N. Y. are offered. \$2,635.00 cash premium.  
Don't give your order until you see this new catalogue. You'll  
be surprised at my bargain offers. Send post for catalogue  
to-day. It is FREE to all. Tell your friends to send too.  
**F. B. MILLER, Box 25, Roschell, Onondaga Co., N. Y.**

## 1901 "OAKWOOD" \$15.95



**DESCRIPTION.** Made of best Shelby seamless tubing  
three crown (latest improved Columbia type, crown  
nickel-jointed) nickel head, 2 1/2 in. drop, one piece  
hanger, flush joints throughout. Something entirely new.

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Equal, according to the last census, to practically \$10  
for each family in the United States, was disbursed by  
the mines and mining industries of our country during  
the past year (1900) of those receiving these  
**Enormous Dividends**

**Over 2,000 were Paid by Us**  
being stockholders in the several dividend-paying  
mines of which we are the sole local agents, and which  
we have financed during the year, the

**Highest Being 35% Lowest 12%**  
on the amount invested in the stocks, and a much  
larger ratio of profit on their cash market value at the  
present time should any one desire to sell.

Our Pamphlets of Working Mines, first  
issues and dividend payers. Interest reports  
**BOOKLET ABOUT OURSELVES**, ex-  
plaining in detail our successful plan of  
securing for our customers the large profits  
of legitimate mining investments with the  
risk of loss practically obviated, also  
**COMBINATION ORDER BLANK** which  
divides the investment among dividend  
payers and first issues, insuring large and  
regular income, will be of interest to in-  
vestors desiring more than usual returns  
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**PAYS**  
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Direct from  
Distiller to  
Consumer  
**\$3.20**

FOUR  
Full Quarts,  
Express Paid.  
Saves Middlemen's  
Profits, Prevents  
Adulteration.

FOR thirty-  
three years  
we have dis-  
tilled the best  
whiskey made  
and sold it direct  
to consumers.  
We have thou-  
sands of custom-  
ers in every state  
and want more;  
we therefore  
make the follow-  
ing

**Proposal:**

We will send you four full  
quart bottles of  
Hayner's Seven  
Year Old Double  
Copper Distilled  
Rye for \$3.20.  
Express Prepaid. We ship in plain pack-  
ages—no marks to indicate contents.  
When you get it and test it, if it isn't  
satisfactory return it at our expense, and  
we will return your \$3.20. Such whiskey  
cannot be purchased elsewhere for less  
than \$5.00.

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Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must  
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this strictly high-grade 1901 **Oakwood**. State name, ad-  
dress, express office; whether you want ladies' or gent's; color;  
black or maroon; and gear wanted, and we will send the  
Wheel to your express office, C.O.D., subject to examination,  
compare it with any other wheels offered at twice the price;  
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and our written, binding guarantee protects you fully. Before  
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AT ONE CENT A GLASS  
You can have a complete Soda Fountain at  
trifling expense in your home. Consists of a

## SPARKLETS

apparatus for making all drinks sparkling.  
It is a neat, attractive metal bottle, with  
capacity for carbonating all kinds of  
drinks as effectively as though you owned  
a \$1,000 Soda Fountain. In order to intro-  
duce this into 100,000 country homes we  
make this special offer of

## A COMPLETE SODA WATER OUTFIT FOR \$3.00

- 1 all-metal bottle, with syphon, complete
- 1 boxes of **SPARKLETS**, in a box
- 1 bottle of Root Beer Extract, pure syrup
- 1 "Ginger Ale "
- 1 "Vanilla "
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- 1 Citrate Magnesia Tablets

Regular price - - - \$5.00  
Introductory price to the - **\$3.00**  
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Delivered, express prepaid, to all points  
East of the Rocky Mountains. West of these  
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This gives you choice of eight different kinds  
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In addition to making the finest soda in the  
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advice and prices. Exchanges. Immense stock for selec-  
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Latest Model. 1901 Style of Case.

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The Best Tonic

- Q—What is the man in the window doing?  
A—He is taking out a bottle of Pabst Malt Extract, The "Best" Tonic.
- Q—What is he going to do with it?  
A—He has sold it to a customer.
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A—Because it is a perfect health restorer. It builds up the run down system, it restores the tired and nervous to health, strength and that comfort and happiness which come from perfect mental and physical equilibrium.
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A—Yes, more than any other malt preparation. Many of them give their entire window to such a display as this one.
- Q—Who makes The "Best" Tonic?  
A—It is carefully and scientifically prepared under medical supervision by

**PABST BREWING CO.**  
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Successfully Taught by Mail. Requires only a few minutes a day, before retiring, with an appetite. Your INDIVIDUAL condition carefully considered, and mild, uniform or vigorous exercises prescribed exactly as your particular requirements and mode of living demand. Intelligent exercise will cure most of the ills to which the flesh is heir. Does not overtax the heart. Both sexes and all ages—from 15 to 60—are alike benefited. **MR. FREDERICK W. STONE**, Director of Athletics of the State School of Scientific Physical Culture, has been Director of Athletics of Columbia College, The Knickerbocker Athletic Association and is at present with the Chicago Athletic Association. Illustrated Booklet, testimonials and measurement blank sent FREE.

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*In Anderson of Yale University says:* "I am using your cabinet in the College Gymnasium, and at my home. I find it very valuable in treating Rheumatism and many other diseases."

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Gasoline or steam. We build everything from a 20 foot boat to a 150 foot steam yacht and guarantee superiority.

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Highest of all high grade pleasure boats. Sectional steel boats for export or long distance shipment.

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